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For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



NOVEMBER  
1935

LOVE MY DOG by JANE DARROW

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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JOSEPHINE *Painted by Frank H. Desch*



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1935

## LOVE MY DOG!

### A VISIT TO THE SCHOOL THAT HOPE BUILT

*where loyal and intelligent  
shepherd dogs are trained to  
become the "seeing eye" for  
their blind human masters*

By

JANE DARROW

SHE was the most popular co-ed on the campus!" said Ortie's master, leaning to stroke the beautifully-groomed German Shepherd dog whose head lay affectionately against his shoe. The bit of fun covered deep feeling. Because, to this active and interesting young man, his dog is more than a pet. She is really his sight. He was telling me how little his blindness hampers him in getting from place to place since Ortie, three years ago, became his comrade. Such interviews, punctuated with pats, are a part of each day's routine.

What Ortie most enjoys, of course, are her duties as guide, her master clinging to her stiff, U-shaped leather harness as they swing along at a spirited pace, deftly negotiating traffic, or the chance pitfall of an open manhole. There is often for her the responsible business of getting him safely into an elevator, aboard a ferry boat, or down subway stairs and on the right train.

The campus referred to was that of the University of Virginia, familiar ground to Ortie. This winter she will have opportunity to become equally at home at Harvard, where her master is to take advanced work. What with plenty of healthful exercise, intelligent care, and her own sense of constant usefulness to a master whom she adores, Ortie is as happy a dog as can be found in the United States. She looked it as she lay there, her strong, dark body gracefully relaxed—her eyes, under expressive brown brows, now

and then lifted to our faces. Momentarily out of harness, she was not off duty. She was ready to stand and move to her place at her master's left side the moment that he rose from his chair, or to pick up his cigarettes and return them to him when the package fell from his knee.

"She sleeps on the floor beside my bed," he was saying, "and she takes me to the dining room, waiting under my chair until I am ready to leave the table. My part of our contract is to feed and curry her. And to keep her feeling how dependent I am on her and her services, and how much I love her. I don't know what I'd have done without her at college. There was never any difficulty getting to class rooms, or to church, or the movies. She finds my hat and brings it to me, and she can pick out my coat from a bunch of others. We've shared pretty thrilling ball games together, haven't we, Ortie? And dances. Why, she's introduced me to some of my most valued friends. The fellows would see her at work, and stop to pat her and ask questions. That way we'd get talking and find further points of congeniality."

"It's grand teamwork!" said I. "But suppose, when you are out together, something unforeseen occurs? The sudden sharp backfiring of a motor, for instance? That always makes me jump."

"It doesn't affect Ortie. She's gun-sure as part of her training. Not that she's likely to hear a gun fired. But because

ORTIE, WHOSE NAME MEANS "LITTLE THISTLE," STICKS AS CLOSELY TO HER MASTER AS A VERITABLE BURR. HER EYES BESPEAK HER DEVOTION



TRAFFIC HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR THIS BLIND MAN WHEN HIS HAND CLASPS THE GUIDE HARNESS OF HIS WELL-TRAINED DOG



the sound you mentioned suggests one. No, in point of fact, I feel a lot safer when alone with Ortie in traffic than I do hanging on to someone's arm. With the best of intentions, a friend may get absent-minded and let you in for a bump, or jar, that a guide dog avoids—a low-hanging awning, for instance."

I was puzzled as to the meaning of Ortie's name and that, too, he explained. "Ortie means 'little thistle.' When one considers how close she sticks to her master, it's not badly chosen, is it?"

There was one amusing reminiscence before, in parting, the three of us politely shook hands.

RECENTLY Ortie was with me in Europe. Of course, we're practically inseparable, but on that particular trip I found it necessary to leave her in France during the time I stayed in England. The agent put her on the ship at Le Havre, and I boarded the *Paris* about midnight. The steward did not bring Ortie up to me until I was at breakfast, when the calm atmosphere of the dining room was suddenly shattered by piercing yells and a leaping, jumping dog, as she spied me around the corner of the table. The first time we went on deck, she took me straight to the deck chair I had had on the way over. Pretty good memory, don't you think?"

On the day I had the pleasure of meeting Ortie's master, the two were making a friendly visit at the school where they had first become acquainted—"The Seeing Eye," at Whippany, New Jersey.

Except for those words, "The Seeing Eye," lettered in gold near the drive, one might very well take this dignified, comfortable-looking house with its lawn and shade trees, not far from Morristown, New Jersey, to be someone's country estate. But it is a boarding school. An academy whose students are blind human beings and almost human dogs.

My friend Isabel had spoken of "The Seeing Eye" as a place that every girl in America ought to know about. "It

MORRIS FRANK WITH BUDDY, HIS INSEPARABLE COMPANION WHO WOULD NOT PERMIT HIM TO MARCH IN A PARADE



is doing the most wonderful work, Aunt Jane." Fifteen, and the proud owner of a blue ribbon collie, Isabel cherishes enthusiasm for all dogs, and especially for the German Shepherd dogs of Whippany. "If I could write," she said earnestly, "I'd try to describe those perfectly splendid 'Seeing Eye' dogs."

It seemed a challenge to one's best efforts. So appointments were made, and there I was—introduced to Ortie's master by the attractive young woman who had received me. (Her father is Elliott S. Humphrey, the manager of all breeding and research work carried on at the school and kennels.)

While Ortie's master explained her uses, my own eyes were busy. There was so much to see, and all of it interesting. On the walls, photographs of men, women, and dogs, suggested former classes. There were delightful letters, too, from graduate students. Perhaps most effective in its implications was the map of the United States over the mantel, pierced with tiny dark pegs—one hundred and fifty-seven at the time—each one of which represents the placing of just such a trained Shepherd as Ortie.

Later I learned that, in most cases, females are trained as guide dogs, the reason being that they are less costly than

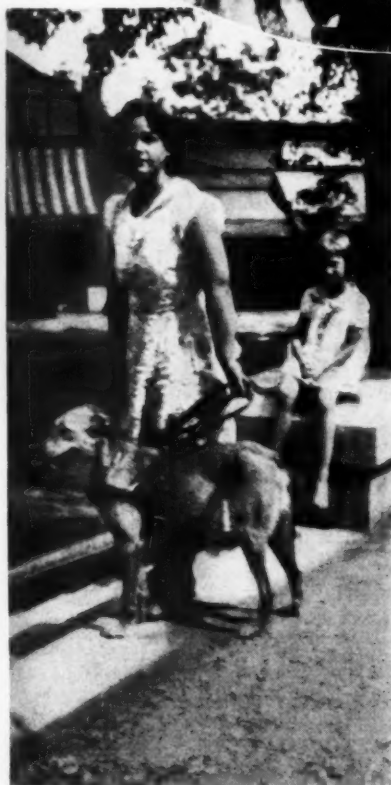


MRS. EUSTIS, FOUNDER OF "THE SEEING EYE," WITH ONE OF THE DOG-GRADUATES OF THE SCHOOL THAT HAS DONE SUCH GOOD WORK FOR THE BLIND

Photographs by courtesy of The Seeing Eye



AFTER LEADING HER MASTER SAFELY DOWN THE STEPS FROM THE BUS, THIS DOG CAREFULLY RECONNOITERS THE TRAFFIC



ALICE, OF KANSAS CITY, WHOSE WHOLE LIFE WAS CHANGED BY THE FRIENDSHIP AND CONSTANT COMPANY OF SALLY

males, rather than that they possess greater intelligence. Although other breeds — Labrador retrievers, Doberman Pinschers, and French Briards — have been trained by the same system, the German Shepherd, because of inbred instinct to protect, an all-weather coat, and general adaptability to varied

temperaments, is considered best suited to the work.

The class of eight students at "The Seeing Eye," shortly to be graduated, had gone away with their dogs on a brisk three-and-a-half-mile hike that would end amid Morristown traffic as part of the daily schedule. I wondered what some of the other guide dogs throughout the country were doing for their masters, so I asked some questions, my eyes searching that significant map on the wall, the while. It was interesting to be told that, in Chicago, the Shepherd Nubia had that morning guided a successfully practicing lawyer to his downtown office. In Burlington, Vermont, Mimi had taken her blind mistress to the novelty shop that keeps her in contented independence. (Last winter, Mimi's mistress went for too long a ramble in the woods, completely losing her way and all sense of direction. It was Mimi who figured out the paths that got them both home.) Hollywood Milly, I was told, leading her owner to his book shop, attracts as

much attention as a popular screen star. Hartford has a newspaper reporter who is dependent on his guide dog, Boda, to help him with his news gathering. In a suburb of Pittsburgh, there is a minister whose decorous Shepherd, Gilly, leads him to and from his pulpit every Sunday. Beda, belonging to a philanthropic San Francisco woman, has helped place many trained dogs on the Western coast. Erna takes her mistress to her college classes. Then, in Kansas City, there is Sally—whose story, perhaps, comes closest to girls.

SALLY is the beloved companion of Alice who is seventeen. Three years ago, Alice—a charming, lively, fair-haired young creature—completely lost sight of "this interesting world." Once the first shock and bitterness were past, Alice (as she wrote to Alexander Woollcott, after listening to his radio talk on the work of "The Seeing Eye") "firmly decided to see other things beside nature."

Such determination had been anything but easy. Alice's father owned and managed a small store where his wife assisted him. Her brothers and sisters were in school the better part of each day. Inevitably Alice had to spend a great many hours alone. "And when I say alone, I really mean alone," she assured Mr. Woollcott, admitting that she was, at times, made very nervous by the inactive indoor life she was forced to lead. "How much it would mean to me," she wrote, "to take a walk in safety every day, and not be eternally afraid." One of the most interesting features of Mr. Woollcott's broadcast had been his description of Buddy, the first trained Shepherd dog to be brought to America. What particularly caught Alice's attention was an account of the way the trained Shepherd had prevented her master from advancing into an elevator shaft of a Cleveland hotel, the door of which had been carelessly left open. The comfort and company such a guide dog as Buddy must be! Alice ended her letter with a request for further information about the cost of a trained guide dog. How and where could one be secured?

She hardly dared hope that this would result in her actual ownership of a dog. (Continued on page 32)



# HERO STUFF

*Which is more important—being a hero on the football field, or being yourself and doing your best? Wanda thought she knew the answer until the last five minutes of the State game*

But Pete, instead of returning the smile, frowned at the gym decorations over her head and said gruffly, "Bill wants to see you."

"Bill? Why—where is he?" She was more startled than afraid. Unwittingly Pete had used the very words that Doctor Mac had spoken, six years ago, over the telephone—the words that had changed her life. She tried not to think of that morning, but it rose in her memory as fresh as yesterday. The grim look of the telephone under the stairs at home, the queer shake in the Doctor's voice: "Wanda, my dear. . . . Down at the airport. . . . These things have to happen, honey. Try to think of it this way—your Dad didn't suffer. And Bill's going to be all right. . . . Sure, Bill wants to see you."

Peter was saying, "Down at the field house. Don't look like that."

She got the smile back somehow. "Well, what's the matter with Bill?"

"Oh, nothing much. You know how it is, night before the State game. They've got him down for some trick play, and he thinks he can't pull it off. I mean, it's out of all proportion. The trick stuff doesn't matter, it's just something Frisky doped out in case. But Bill's got the idea everything hangs on it, and he's going haywire worrying. If he keeps on like this, by game time he won't have a signal in his head."

"Wait till I get my coat." The chiffon, the tune the band was playing, the crowd, the night-before excitement—all that had melted out of reality. Only one thing mattered: she had got Bill into this, she must get him out.

Peter was waiting on the steps, and he had one of the Athletic Association trucks, lights on and engine running, in the drive below. "Okay, Pete," she said. "You stay here. I'll—"

"Yeah?" he growled, swung her in, hopped to the wheel, and they roared away.

She felt better as the keen November air swept past her face. The campus looked alive; the bright clock face on West Tower, the occasional lights in the old stone buildings were like friendly eyes. Even the mountains standing all about, dim black peaks and shoulders under the white moon, seemed a part of that living personality. She had always loved the place, from her first sight of it in a photograph four years ago; but never before had she felt its presence

WANDA smiled when Peter Weston cut in; she was radiantly happy that evening. First there was the blue chiffon, earned by a double dose of tutoring and faculty baby-minding just in time for the night-before-the-game dance. Then came the news that her brother, Bill, had won a starting place tomorrow, the only sophomore on a team that might make history. And now Peter Weston, football manager and head of Student Council, was cutting in. A Big Night, she thought. What more could one ask?



# BY KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

THE BALL WAS DROPPING FAST. IN THAT INSTANT HE SEEMED TO FLY TO MEET ITS SMALL DESCENDING SHADOW. THEN HE HALF TURNED, RAISED HIS ARMS AND GATHERED IT IN WITHOUT BREAKING HIS STRIDE

*Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN*

in this personal way, as if the college were human.

"You see, there's something about Bill," she said suddenly. "He isn't like this really." Nobody must think Bill was a cry-baby. She told Pete what she had never before told anybody: about the crack-up that morning, and the long weeks in the hospital with all the doctors standing round shaking their heads—the whole long fight that she thought, until now, she had won.

"Can't be anything physical," Pete said. "Or the Doc would have spotted it. Bill's the fastest man on the squad."

"It isn't, and it is. Did you ever try to do a thing when something inside tells you you can't?"

Good old Pete shook his head. "Sorry. I read about that stuff in *Psych*, of course. But it sounds like eyewash to me."

"I wish it were, Pete."

They passed through the field gates, and the stadium moved past, a huge gloomy fortress under the moon. Wanda had never seen it at night before, dark, silent, almost foreboding. She knew how she would feel if she had to run into it tomorrow, and do a lot of intricate things under thousands of eyes.

Only the living room of the field house was lighted, and the open windows upstairs showed that the squad had turned in. Pete cut his motor and coasted up to the door to make no noise. A watchman, drowsing on the steps, let them in.

THE long living room was dim, but Wanda saw the two figures over against the glow of the hearth. Frisky got up, taking his hand from Bill's shoulder. He nodded and smiled at her in his tight-lipped way, and Bill's head turned.

"Hi, Sis," he said brightly, as if they had just happened to meet on the campus. "Come over and get warm."

Her heart sank with the sense of helplessness she had known so well before. Apparently nothing was wrong. What was she doing here? She saw the bright spots on his cheeks, she caught the feverish gleam in his eyes, and she knew that the trouble was deep inside him and he wouldn't let it out. But he would resent the slightest hint of mothering. That had been her hardest job all along—to help him when he needed help, without appearing to.

"All good football players are in bed," she said lightly, and could have bitten off her tongue for the stupid sound of it. Of all things to mention to him at a time like this!



He leaned over and patted her hand. "Got callers," he said. "Besides, Frisky and I thought we'd sit up till game time. And another thing, I'm not a good—"

"Bill," she interrupted, remembering those endless nights in the hospital and the hunch that had worked, "want me to tell you a story?"

Stupid again, she thought, reminding him of that time. He looked straight at her, all the bright pretense leaving his face. Then his head dropped to the arm of the chair.



"Oh, Sis . . . you're too good to me," he groaned hoarsely. Relief poured over her as she roughed his thick curly hair. Now he might tell her and get rid of it. She began talking casually. "I got a new dress, Bill. You didn't notice. . . . How'd you hit the Math test, huh?"

Gradually his grip on her hand relaxed. And presently he was talking, fast and low.

THE whole thing is that pass. It's the sweetest play you ever saw—a triple spot on a spinner that can't—

"Hold everything, Bill," she gasped. It had never occurred to her that this was what he might tell! Involuntarily she looked round for the coach and Peter. They had moved over to the door, politely unobtrusive; and Frisky, catching her eye, gave her a sign to let him go. That man was a wonder!

"Eh?" said Bill. "I was telling you." His voice was grave with concentration. "Let's just see if I can remember it. Bet I can't. Thirteen—four—shift—twenty-seven—two. Direct pass to Monty, who starts wide round the short side, twenty-six steps, and laterals to me as the end gets him. I don't run, remember that. I pass to Rib in the flat zone, and then I take out their left wing-back to let Johnny into the clear. Rib lobs a long high one back to the short side, forty yards. Johnny gets it with nobody between him and the goal line. See?"

Wanda didn't, but she nodded. "It sounds great, Bill."

"It is great. And if it's done right, it'll win that game.

dodges my block, or a half second too soon or too late—gosh, Sis, it'd be terrible!"

"Listen, Bill. Did you ever realize it doesn't matter much who wins that game tomorrow?"

"What—do you mean?"

She took a breath. "Listen, Bill. I got you through the hospital, all that. And we're working our way through this place. That's all that really matters."

"But—but don't you want me to be a hero? Isn't that what they all want? Isn't that what you got me here for, after I got well?" The tragic anxiety in his face bit deep into her anguished sympathy.

"No. All I want is for you to be yourself and do your best. I—we thought college would help. If it doesn't, that's not your fault." She had no idea where these thoughts came from; they tumbled into her head and she believed them. "I don't even care whether you play tomorrow, I don't care a hoot who wins. Football is a game. Living—being yourself and doing your best—is more important than that, or any other game. I didn't tell you that when I was persuading you to come because—because I didn't know it then. I saw only the outside stuff: the fun and the cheering, the block M on your sweater—all that. I thought it would give you something to live for, Bill, after Dad . . . with Mother and Dad gone. And it did, I guess. But what we didn't realize was that that's only the outside crust, the start of it. You have to go on to something more important. Remember that line they taught us in Sunday School? 'Where your treasure is—



WANDA'S HEART SANK AS SHE TRIED TO HELP HIM. SHE KNEW THAT THE TROUBLE WAS DEEP INSIDE OF HIM AND THAT HE WOULDN'T LET IT OUT

But it's got to be done like a clock ticks. We've got crosses on the practice field where those passes must hit. We've done that play hundreds of times. My two jobs, the short pass and the block, have always come easy. That's the trouble. Too good to be true. I just can't see myself doing it in the stadium tomorrow before all those people. I never gave it a thought before. One little slip, or if that wing-back

how does it go?—'there shall your heart be also.' *Game!* I don't care a rap about the game."

When she began, he was staring into her eyes, his face relaxing slowly in an uncertain smile. Before she had finished, his head was down again on the chair arm. She waited a little, but he said nothing. He was asleep.

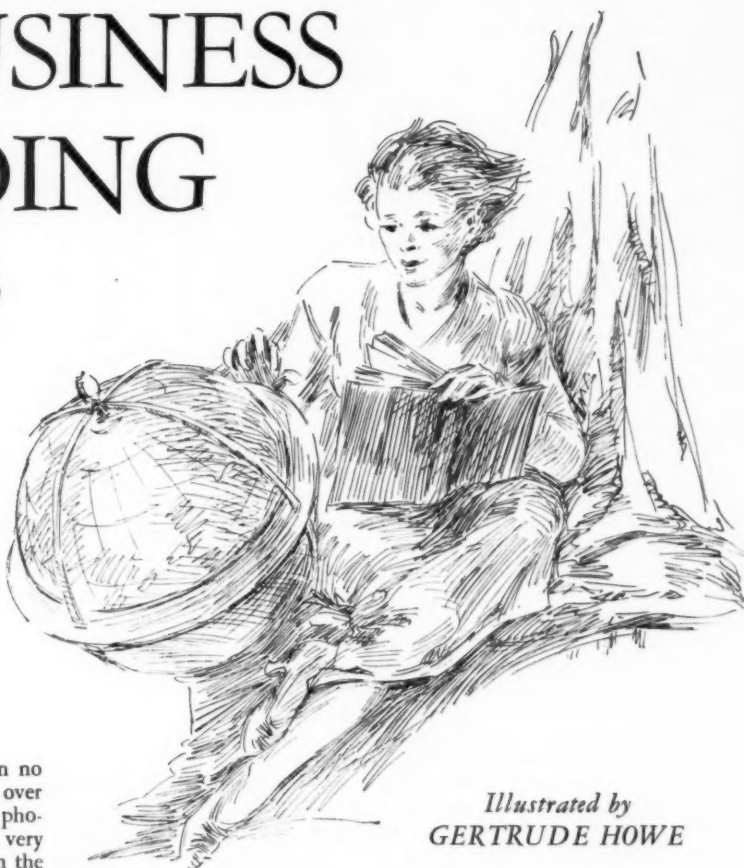
Frisky patted her shoulder as (Continued on page 47)

# THIS BUSINESS of READING

*An Imaginary Talk with  
Two Daughters by*

**WILLIAM  
ROSE  
BENÉT**

*Contributing Editor to  
The Saturday Review of Literature*



*Illustrated by*  
**GERTRUDE HOWE**

THERE ARE MANY PARTS OF THE GREAT  
WIDE WORLD THAT YOU MAY NEVER SEE,  
YET YOU CAN ALWAYS TRAVEL IN BOOKS

IN THE first place, young ladies, I can no longer talk down to you. As I wander over to the fireplace-mantel, and look at the photograph of one of you, all in white and very stately in that school graduation group on the lawn, I realize what a long time it is since you both used to flop and sprawl all over me when I was trying to read to you. The young lady who looks at me from that picture is no longer the young lady who once liked simple and sweet little stories about Bessie and her pet kitten—or words to that effect—and at the same time always wished to be the villain of any home drama, preferring usually to dress in a cowboy suit and swagger with a toy revolver. By this time, presumably, though I have not for some years supervised your education, you must have read a good deal. Living in the home of your uncle and aunt, who are both novelists, you have certainly had a large library to browse in if you so desired. You are peculiarly situated, since almost every grown-up member of your immediate family indulges in some sort of writing or other, which pre-supposes a good deal of reading. But for that very reason, it may be that—to preserve your own individuality—you have decided against too bookish a life. I know that your outdoor activities are many, that you ride and dance and swim, and that your schooldays have not found you “always with your nose in a book.” You are average active young people, enjoying the play-side of life quite as much as the work-side—and that is as it should be at this juncture. But if you should come to me today and ask me just what this business of reading really amounts to, what part it should have in your life, and what its rewards to you will be, perhaps I could tell you something of its value.

With me it has been quite literally a business for many years, in editorial and publishing offices, and in the reviewing and criticizing of current books. Before that—if I cast back to my own youth—it was sometimes merely a school-task and, more often, a voyage of discovery in my father's library. I know that you have already sailed on your own voyages of discovery, and that one book, taken up by chance,

has led you on to another; and that certain writers read in your younger years will always remain bright names to you, and their books among your most vivid memories. I know a few of those writers, for the best children's books usually came your way. You chose among them according to your own individual taste. Some of them developed your powers of imagination, some of them began to teach you a little of the odd oblate spheroid upon which we live, of the different countries covering it, the different sorts of people that inhabit those countries, their histories and their customs. And in your future reading you will find that books—novels, histories, biographies, and so on—simply serve first, or should serve, to increase your accurate knowledge of the world in which you find yourself. You will progress from a fairly simple view of it to a recognition of how large and complex a world it is. You will accumulate knowledge about its outer aspects, and at the same time gain a deeper insight into the minds and hearts of its inhabitants. In this business of reading, what we are all after is to find out all we can about this world of ours and about its people. You have already been fortunate enough to travel and see a little of the globe; but there are many parts of it you will probably never see. Yet you can always travel in books. What you want to find out, too, is why men and women act as they do; how, in the organization known as human society, they could act more happily and more fairly for everybody concerned; what mistakes they make and how to avoid them; what human experience has taught many different kinds of men and women.

Of course there is nothing like first-hand experience. But if you are alive at all in this world—and both of you are

very much alive—you cannot escape plenty of that. Books, however, will furnish you valuable comparisons, checks, and balances. Many things in your own experience may be made clearer to you through good literature; for in it you will come in contact with the best minds of the world, with the most thoughtful—though anything but dull—people, with the most constructively imaginative people, with people who have the strongest spiritual drive and the most invigorating enjoyment of life. And the accumulated wisdom of the world, as written for you by generations on generations of men and women of all lands, is now enormous. You can tap that wisdom almost anywhere in the world of books, and draw sustenance from it for both mind and spirit.

There are books of another kind. There are books that set before you only the grim, the sordid, the darker side of life. Yet they, too, if you choose well among them, will be useful to you. After all, no intelligent human being wishes to exist in a fool's paradise. Intelligent people wish to know whether certain dark facts are so; in order that they may be useful to the world, for one thing, in trying to change those facts. They wish to conquer fear of the Fact, to put it in its proper place, to develop a sense of proportion in the management of their own lives.

These are general matters, they include things you will learn from those around you, by word of mouth, from their actions and examples either noble or ignoble, and from the course of your own lives as well as from the printed word. But there is always a vast resource in books when actual life tends to become bewildering. Every man or woman who can read has had the experience often of being revived, enheartened, and strengthened by simple words in type on the printed page. Which leads me to a consideration of such words—for the arrangement of the best words in the best order, conveying the ripest wisdom, is, of course, anything but simple.

If you choose properly among your books, you can enjoy one of the deepest pleasures in life—you can learn the proper use of language. People talking to each other ordinarily use a sort of short-hand, full of catch-words and slang expressions (though some of the latter may be very expressive), and communicate in a disjointed fashion that serves its



THERE NEVER WAS A FATHER YET WHO DID NOT REGARD AS UNBEARABLE NUISANCES THE YOUNG MEN WHO CAME TO SIT ON THE DOORSTEP



I KNOW THAT YOUR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES ARE MANY

purpose at the time, but often has very little to do with the power and beauty that actually reside in words. The writer who has something to say and knows something about words, can, on the other hand, constantly surprise and delight you by his or her way of putting things. He can really conjure with language. He can bring pictures before your eyes that make you aware of much beauty in the world you had overlooked. He can show you the kinship of words, properly used, to strains of music. He can make you appreciate the fact that truly expressive language is not a thing of which to be ashamed, but a great art well worth learning. I know no happier people than those who work with words, whether it is the philosopher trying to set before you with the greatest possible clarity a discovery he has made about life; or the poet, to whom words not only have sound, but veritably a shape and color of their own; or the actress studying her "lines" so that she may give them the exact shade of meaning, the exact significance they were meant to bear.

I HAVE no recipe for what you should read—save to say, "Make yourself familiar with the highest standards of comparison possible." I mean by that simply this: Suppose you were looking at a really mediocre statue or picture, but that it was the first you had ever seen. You would be apt to think it first-rate. You could hardly be blamed for that. There would be nothing with which to compare it in your mind. When we read our first books in our childhood there is nothing in our minds with which to compare them. They may, actually, be excellent, or they may be trash with a certain garish glitter. We may, at the outset, be more attracted to the trash than to the work that is really good. But as we go along, if we try to educate ourselves concerning any art, we are constantly comparing (whether we are entirely aware of it or not) this thing with that thing, and deciding for ourselves that, after all, here is a statue, or a picture, or a piece of music, or a book, that makes a number of others we have seen, or heard, or read, seem quite inferior.

If you give the proper fraction of your life to books, you will inevitably form these standards of comparison. I do not advise your turning into what used, in other days, to be called a "Blue-stocking." That expression meant originally merely a woman having or affecting literary tastes. Certain ladies back in the Eight-  
(Continued on page 36)





Mary Ellen

BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

*tells how, in the face of danger, courage came to the aid of those who had so gayly planned*



Mabel

# SUPPER FOR TWELVE

IT was Helen on the 'phone, Tante!" Mary Ellen dashed back to the breakfast table. "She has the most perfectly elegant idea for our crowd—and the plans are all made, too. It's a progressive supper, and to go to *The Great Dilemma* afterwards. Mabel and I are to have the first course here, if that's all right with you. Jane and Della have the salad course at Della's. We'll finish at Helen's, with Delight to help her. There'll be six boys, and we'll cook everything ourselves out of the recipe book, so you won't be bothered."

Tante Grace poured her coffee. "It sounds like a lot of fun. What are you going to eat?"

"When Mabel comes, we'll plan it. Creamed potatoes, I think, because you can keep them hot in a double boiler. And I've always wanted to try croquettes."

"Our potatoes don't boil well."

"That's so, they don't. I'll tell Mabel to bring some of hers. She wants an appetizer, and to try her hand at some little biscuits. She'll be over after lunch."

"Where are you having your supper, in this room?"

"May we go into the living room and set the gateleg table by the fireplace? It's so pretty."

"Then the andirons ought to be polished."

"You're too particular, Tante. But we'll do it this afternoon." Mary Ellen popped the last bit of toast into her mouth. "Now I must run, if I'm to get to school on time." She leaned down and kissed her aunt. "Angel! Have you any idea how hard it's raining?"

The older woman watched her with affectionate eyes, as she ducked under her rain cape and was off in a red swirl and splash.

After luncheon there were two girls flying about the kitchen of the little gray house.

"Mother said our potatoes turn black when you boil them," Mabel announced, "but I borrowed from Grandmother. Put them on in cold water, Grandmother said. Do you suppose we've enough for twelve people? I dropped the bag coming over, that's why it's so wet. Did you ever see anything like this rain?"

"They say the Falls are marvelous."

"Let's go and look at them when we finish here."

"Tante, may we use the Lowestoft?" wheedled Mary Ellen. "It's a very special party."

"You may. Then you will want the old silver. It probably needs polishing."

"You darling! We don't mind doing that, it's so lovely."

Out from the mahogany lowboy came slender, thin spoons. From the corner cupboard came sugar bowl and cream pot, graceful and lovely.

"I just adore these things, Tante," said Mabel. "I believe I love them as much as though they were mine. It's fun to clean them."

The little house under its big elm hummed with activity. Dry mops and dusters flew about. The andirons shone under swiftly working fingers. The fire was laid. The gate-leg table was moved into position.

"A cloth, Mab?"

"No, that Chinese set. I like to see the wood shine."

"Ducky old candlesticks, aren't they? Let's use yellow candles to go with the little yellow chrysanthemums you found in your garden."

"There aren't any here but green."

"Green are just as good."

How pretty it looked as they stood back to survey their work!

"Tante! Tante! Do come and look. Isn't it sweet?"

"Very lovely."

The three stood looking happily. The beautiful old table proudly bore its grace of shining silver and priceless china. Around it the room, with its low white bookcases, its Sheraton settee, its old tables and chairs, waited quiet and beloved. *Waited?* For the party, of course. What else, thought Mary Ellen, could it be waiting for?

Ten minutes later there was a wail from the kitchen.

"Oh, these potatoes are too done! They're all mushy."

"I thought you were watching them."

"I was, but I went upstairs to lay out my dress and slippers. There seemed to be time enough. Never mind, when the potatoes are creamed, they'll taste all right."

"What fun we're going to have!"



THE LITTLE GRAY HOUSE CUDDLED UNDER ITS ELM

Tante Grace came down, dressed in blue crêpe, and with her hat on.

"A party?"

"Tea at Mrs. Kittredge's. Sure you don't want me to help with supper?"

"Thank you, darling, but supper's our job. The croquettes are all mixed. Everything's ready. We're going now to have a look at the Falls. It's rained so much, the girls at school say they're a great sight. But please do come back for supper, Tante. We want you to taste our cooking."

Tante Grace turned to Mabel. "You'll spend the night

with us, won't you, Mab? Mary Ellen will explode if she hasn't a chance to talk over the party afterwards. That's the best part of a party, anyhow."

"I'd simply love to stay," accepted Mary Ellen's chum. "Only I've a confession to make. I knew you'd ask me, so I brought my bag along."

They all laughed, then the door shut on Tante Grace. A few minutes later the girls started for the Falls.

"I never saw it rain harder," said Mabel, as they sloshed along.

"Nor I. It's been going like this for almost a whole week. After our long lovely autumn, I suppose we were due to get something."

Red rain cape and green sped along the street. At the corner, on a sudden impulse, Mary Ellen turned to look back. The little gray house which was her home cuddled down under its big elm in the midst of the downpour. At the lower end of the yard a group of white birches drooped under the steady bombardment of the rain. The gutters were racing torrents, following the slope of the street.

At the Falls, a crowd had gathered. Was this their happy little river, this swollen mass of turgid water roaring over the rocks? Spray flew into the girls' faces, yet they were nowhere near the bridge. They had to shout to be heard.

"I don't think I like it," said Mabel.

"I know I don't," said Mary Ellen. "Let's go home the other way, and see how Jane and Della are getting along."

"WE'RE all set," Della greeted her friends at the door. "Come in and see our new puppy. He's a perfect darling."

He was such a darling that twenty minutes went by unnoticed.

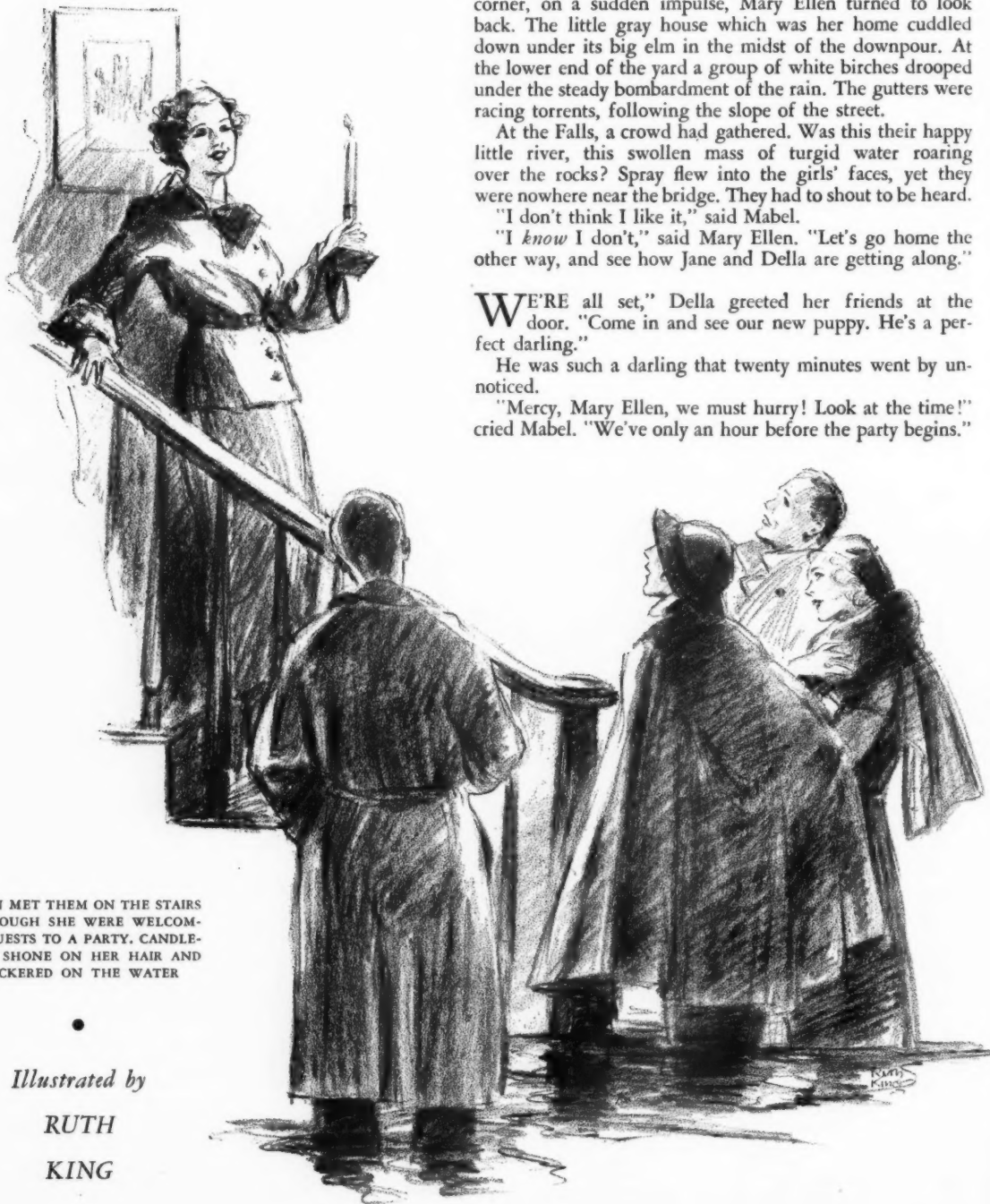
"Mercy, Mary Ellen, we must hurry! Look at the time!" cried Mabel. "We've only an hour before the party begins."

HELEN MET THEM ON THE STAIRS  
AS THOUGH SHE WERE WELCOM-  
ING GUESTS TO A PARTY. CANDLE-  
LIGHT SHONE ON HER HAIR AND  
FLICKERED ON THE WATER

*Illustrated by*

RUTH

KING







Jane



Helen



Della



Delight

Della's young brother had just come in. He was in the hall gulping out a torrent of words as the girls came through from the kitchen.

"You can't get home, Mary Ellen," he said. "The bridge has gone, and the creek's into the streets and rising every minute. Wales Street's more'n a foot deep."

Mary Ellen and Mabel stared at the excited little boy.

"That can't be so. Why, we just came through it."

"Maybe you did, half an hour ago. What I'm tellin' you is the way it is now."

"It can't be!" The words she had heard made no sense to Mary Ellen. "I must go home right away."

As her hand touched the door, Della's uncle opened it, coming in.

"Don't try it, Mary Ellen," he said, catching her words. "The river is on a rampage and rising fast. Business section's flooded now. There's no way of getting to your house tonight. You'd better stay here."

Mary Ellen brushed by him. No getting home? How absurd! Hadn't she left home only half an hour ago?

"You'd better go straight home, Mab." She paused on the porch steps.

"No, I'm coming with you."

**A**CTUALLY there was no getting to Mary Ellen's house. The street along which the girls had walked so lightly was filled with a turbid current of brown water. What about the little gray house itself, in which they had worked so gayly all the afternoon? Mary Ellen could see her red dress and Mabel's green one, lying side by side on the bed upstairs, spread out all ready to put on. She could see the table, beautiful in its appointments, standing by the fireplace ready for the party. She could even see the croquettes on the blue plate, and the potato in its yellow bowl in the pantry. More than anything in the world, Mary Ellen wanted to get to that house.

With Mabel at her heels, she ran as fast as she could to the next street. There the same sight met the girls' eyes. Water glimmered. What made it so dark? Why, the street lights were off! Lanterns bobbed through the twilight. People were moving out of their houses! Men in hip-length rubber boots strode through the water.

One of them spoke to the girls.

"If you've got a home that's high and dry, girls, you'd better go to it."

"Mine is on Elm Street," said Mary Ellen. "Isn't there any way to get there?"

"You're cut off by Moon Brook."

"We came over Moon Brook just a little while ago. That bridge isn't gone."

"Everything's gone—or going," said the man.

Tante Grace! Mrs. Kittredge's house was on the hill so it must be "high and dry." And it wasn't time yet to leave a tea party.

"Come home with me," begged Mabel.

"I'm going to Mrs. Kittredge's to find Tante."

"I'll go with you," said Mab, pulling her cape around her.

Mary Ellen looked up the darkening street. Yes, oh yes, cried her heart, come with me! But her lips said, "No, go home. You're so near, and I'll have no trouble getting to the Kittredges'."

At the corner, the girls parted. Mary Ellen hurried along Main Street. Here were the loveliest houses in town with gardens running down to the river. How queer it looked to see water in the gardens, water on the lawns. The shrubbery waded in brown stew at the Nortons'; it was over the front walk at the Temple place for the Temple lawn was lower than the street. Why, the water must be in that house, that beautiful house!

Suddenly the girl stopped with a shiver. Ahead of her the sidewalk ran into the water. She had almost walked into it. With caught breath, she turned back. But now the water was washing over the sidewalk by which she had come. Where she stood, there was a slight rise in the street. *Cut off on the main street of town. Could it be true?*

She looked up at the houses. The windows were dim rectangles of light. Candles! The cellars must be full of water. Helen Mason lived in the one behind her, Delight Grayson in this. The Graysons had bought it and were just moving in. At Helen's, they were to have had the last course of the supper party. The party! It seemed like something that belonged to another world.

Mary Ellen ran up the path. In panic she opened the door. "Delight! May I come in? I'm caught in the water. On your street."

A tall girl appeared in the doorway to the right, a chair in her arms. "Come right in. Mother's at Mrs. Kittredge's."

Mary Ellen felt ashamed of her panic. "May I use your telephone?"

"You're welcome to, but I couldn't get anybody a few minutes ago."

Nor could Mary Ellen. Service was gone. She put down the receiver and looked at the rooms, immaculate in fresh paper and paint. "What are you doing?"

"Taking a few things upstairs."

"You don't expect the water to come in here!"

As she spoke, a thin lip of water curled under the front door.

Mary Ellen jumped. She wanted to run, but where could she run to? She wanted to scream, but what good would that do her? Instead she picked up a chair and followed Delight upstairs.

"Most of the furniture is still stored in the barn," said Delight. "And Father's in Boston. I hope Mother doesn't try to get home. Let's get these books out. The water might get at these lowest shelves."

Up and down the girls went, up and down, carrying armfuls of books, unhung pictures from a pile on the floor, little tables and chairs. The water lapped at their feet, rose to their ankles. There was a sudden crack of splintering glass and a current swirled round them.

Delight stumbled. Mary Ellen caught her hand, helping

her to regain her balance. Queer, to be drowned in your friend's house, perhaps, just walking toward the stairs.

What was that Delight had under her arm? They had reached the newel post, and Delight threw the thing up on the stairs. A loaf of bread. Mary Ellen saw a cake bobbing away on the water. No salvaging anything else now.

VOICES rose above the roar of the flood. Two boys stepped through the broken French window—Helen's brother Bob and his chum, Jim Evans.

"Helen says come over," said Bob. "Jollier all together."

"Can we get there?" asked Delight.

"Well, we got here. I've fastened a rope to one of your shutters; the other end is tied to a pillar of our house. Whatever you do, don't let go of it."

It *must* be a dream, thought Mary Ellen. Jim helped them through the window. He went ahead, then the girls, then Bob. The water, icy cold, was waist-deep now.

"There's a good deal of current. Now step on it."

No fun, this stepping out into you didn't know what. The ground they walked on must be the Graysons' and Masons' lawns. But it didn't feel like anybody's lawn. It didn't feel like anything you could imagine. It took all Mary Ellen's will to keep from screaming, all her nerve to keep her footing in the cold swirling water. Now and again a hand steadied her. Toilsomely the little procession made its way. But at last there were solid granite steps underfoot. They were through a door, and the boys were pushing it shut against the water. But there was water inside, too, though not so deep as at the Graysons', for the house stood higher. And here, too, everything had been moved that could be moved. How odd the grand piano looked, standing with its legs in the water!

Helen met them on the stairs as though she were welcoming guests to a party. Candlelight glinted on her red curls.

"Come right up. Great-aunt Harriet and Grandfather are here. Mother's at Mrs. Kittredge's tea. You'll find dry things in my room. What *have* you got on, Delight?"

Delight unclasped the bulbous sleeve of the sweater tied round her neck. "Bread," she explained. "Unwrap it quickly, and I don't think it will be too wet to eat."

Helen clapped her hands. "Just the thing I was short of. How clever of you! Now go and get dry. There are towels in the bathroom, and here are sweaters. I've got out all the coats and steamer rugs and quilts in the house. With the furnace fire out, it may be chilly. Help yourselves to the contents of my closet. I'm making cocoa on the picnic stove."

"Helen," said Delight sternly, "you like this!"

"Yes, you do!" cried Mary Ellen. "You're having the time of your life."

"What a queer thing to say!" said Helen. "But it *is* exciting."

It was good to be dry. It was good to smell cocoa. Never had anything smelled half so delicious. It made the world, dark as it was, seem brighter.

Mary Ellen would never have believed that such a thing could happen, if it hadn't actually happened to her. To picnic upstairs in one of the most beautiful houses in town. To

walk into Mrs. Mason's own sitting room and find Helen's grandfather there in his overcoat, talking with her great-aunt Harriet, swathed in furs, in the big wing chair. With the world upside down, to have the two greet you with well-bred ease as though there were nothing unusual about the situation. To cut bread and spread sandwiches, with the boys downstairs still at the work of salvage.

Crash! Cr-rack! Bump!

"Sounds like the piano," said Helen.

"Are you all right, boys?" called Grandfather.

"O-kay!" Two dripping figures appeared on the stairs.

"There's a pretty big current down there," Bob reported.

"It's busted in a couple of windows, and it's clearing out everything we have left, I guess."

"Seems to be making kindling wood of the piano," said

Jim. "My, but that cocoa smells good!"

No matter how many strange meals she may eat in her lifetime, Mary Ellen will never forget that supper. Grand-

father cut delicate slices of clove-studded ham. Bob and Jim passed plates, and cups of steaming cocoa. Helen capably scrambled eggs. Cold chicken went the rounds. Sandwiches were kept moving. Mary Ellen knew what delicious stuff had gone into them—hadn't she spread it?—but she couldn't taste anything. She didn't know she was excited. She felt calm and cool but strangely light, as though she were walking a foot above the floor.

And then Helen produced lemon whip, and a wonderful thick-frosted angel cake. "I wasn't going to lose our course of the progressive supper," she said cheerfully, and ate as though the food actually tasted like something.

The candlelight shone on the amazing scene, the blue hoods of the flames rose without a flicker, and through, and above, and under, and beyond the talk, pitched loud to carry, sounded the roar of the flood.

Jim left the room, coming back presently to report.

"I went down twelve steps last time before I came to the water. Nine now."

After supper Helen counted the candles, and put out all but two. They must last the night. For a while Grandfather and Great-aunt Harriet swapped stories. Then Bob produced a backgammon board, and Aunt Harriet spread out her cards.

SLOWLY the hours passed. The group in the upper room wrapped themselves in rugs and blankets, but nobody went to sleep. Now and again there was a crash in the rooms below. Now and again someone stepped into the hall, and came back to report how much higher was the water. Up it came relentlessly, up, up. Five steps from the floor of the upper hall—four—three. Then only two treads were visible, lifting white spindles to the mahogany rail.

Now a new sound was added to the noises of the dreadful night. Not loud, but sinister. A queer, sucking noise that came from the depths of the house. What did it mean? Bob and Jim and Helen made frequent trips into the hall. Grandfather cocked an uneasy ear. Great-aunt Harriet got up from the chaise longue on which she had been persuaded to lie down, and sat bolt upright in a chair.

"What is it?" whispered Mary (*Continued on page 48*)

## Fall Migration

BY RUTH MOORE

Swallows, who left this morning after some  
Reluctant indecision, did you know  
What weather on the heels of this would come?  
And was that why it seemed so hard to go?  
Did that bright-burning fever for far flight,  
Turning your breasts to tumult, tell you, too,  
That murderous November brings tonight  
Rain, and black wind too wild for flying through?

I shall not know, O small, intrepid band,  
How well you fare, tomorrow or next spring,  
But pray you find sweet water in some land  
Far off, and rest for frayed and weary wing—  
And I forget with what disconsolate cries  
You left my eaves and fled to stormy skies!

# ARE YOUR TABLE MANNERS GROWN-UP?

*They may be entirely adequate at home, but are they equal to any formal occasion? A new article in our Etiquette Series, "It's More Fun When You Know the Rules"*

BY  
BEATRICE PIERCE

SOME of you will be tempted to turn over to the next page when you see that this article is to be about the commonplace subject of table manners. "Surely a girl in her teens doesn't need a talk on the etiquette of eating!" you may protest.

In a way, you are right. Most girls *do* have passable table manners. At least, they do until they get beyond their depth. But a girl whose table manners are all right at home may meet unexpected problems when she goes to a dinner party at a house, or in a hotel, or club, where things are done in a more formal style than that to which she is accustomed. The party, to which she had looked forward with such happiness, may be marred by the memory of her embarrassment over some small error she has made at the table.

The safest way to avoid embarrassment is to be forewarned. So even though table etiquette isn't a very exciting subject, let's dig in and discuss it anyway.

As a matter of fact, having table manners that are equal to any occasion is more important than you might surmise at first. Wherever you go, sooner or later there comes a time for eating. And there is no denying that people do judge you by your appearance and conduct at table. In fact, I know a very charming girl who wasn't invited to join a society at college because her table manners were crude. Not *very* crude, just slightly wrong. Discriminating against a girl for such a reason may seem unfair, but the argument advanced against her was this: A girl whose table manners aren't right is either unobserving, or she is inconsiderate of those who have to watch her eat. It isn't enough, therefore, to learn the simplest rules of table etiquette. A girl must learn the complicated ones as well; or at least she must be able to understand them when she meets them.



TO UNDERSTAND TABLE ETIQUETTE YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO SET A TABLE AND ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF CORRECT TABLE SERVICE

The best way to understand table etiquette is to acquire a knowledge of correct table settings, and of the various kinds of table service. Knowing how the silver, glasses, and plates are arranged, and how certain dishes are served, clears up many otherwise perplexing points.

You have heard the saying, "We learn to do, by doing." And also that "Experience is the best teacher." Both of these sayings are especially true in complex matters such as table settings and table service. It is one thing to read how the covers are laid for dinner, or how artichokes are served. It is quite a different matter to lay the covers yourself; or to serve, or to show some one else how to serve, the artichokes.

So if you want to master the fine points of table etiquette, begin by taking full responsibility for setting the table at home. After that, ask Mother to let you be in charge of the kitchen for an occasional meal, or possibly for a week or so during vacation. Such experience will give your table manners a *finesse* and assurance they have never had before, provided you are careful to follow the rules.

AS for table setting, you shouldn't have to bother Mother (or the cook, if you have one) about details. For here are the directions, beginning with the plates:

Set them an inch or two from the edge of the table, and space them from sixteen to twenty-four inches apart, depending upon how much room you can spare. On the right of each plate put the necessary knives and spoons; on the left, the forks. There is one exception—the oyster fork goes on the right.

The rule is to arrange the silver so that the first pieces

*Illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI*



needed are farthest from the plate. If you are having clams or oysters as your first course, an oyster fork is therefore at the extreme right. If your first course is fruit cup or soup, a suitable spoon, bowl side up, is in that position. To the left of the spoon you put your knife (or knives, depending on your menu), the cutting edges toward the plate. On the left you place the forks, tines up, the dinner fork at the outer edge, the salad fork, if you are having salad, nearer the plate. All the silver is laid in line with the plate—likewise about an inch or two from the table's edge. You only lay the silver you will actually need through the salad course. *Don't put on anything not required by the menu.* Scattering in a few extra pieces, hit and miss, on the chance that they might be used, is thoughtless, and only serves to confuse people. The dessert silver may be laid out on the sideboard, but is not placed on the table until dessert is served.

Napkins are usually placed at the left of the silver, although it is also permissible to lay them on the place plates.

The bread and butter plates are set just above the forks; the water glasses, above the knives. The butter spreader is laid straight across the bread and butter plate, parallel with the table. Just before dinner is served, butter balls, or cubes, are placed in the exact center of the bread and butter plates; and the glasses are filled three-quarters full.

And now that you have learned the rules, just how are they going to help you when you are eating away from home? Well, first of all, you know from experience that the silver to be used first is at the outer edge of the row of silver. Even though you have never been used to elaborate meals, or to an array of silver at home, you won't be dismayed by the sight of a row of knives, forks, and spoons, because you understand the simple rule: begin at the outside and continue in, toward your plate.

You also know that the bread and butter plate is on the left, just above the tips of the forks, and that the water glass is at the right. So no matter how crowded the table, or how close together the covers may be, you cannot possibly be confused as to which is your glass, and which is your bread and butter plate.

You may not know, however, which salad is yours. Of course, strictly speaking, salad is served as a separate course. But in the servantless household the salad is sometimes put on the table, along with the main part of the meal. Some hostesses set the salad plate at the right, and some at the left, wherever there is the most room. (It is best to put it on the right when bread and butter plates are also on the table.) But here is a case where, if in doubt, you merely observe your hostess to see which she considers *her* salad, and then follow her example.

**A**FTER learning to set the table correctly, your next lesson is in table service. There are three usual styles. The most formal is the Russian. When this style is used, all the food is served from the kitchen. There is no carving or serving at the table.

The family style is just the opposite. Nothing is served in the kitchen, and everything comes to the table. The host

carves the meat, and serves it and the vegetables. The hostess presides over the salad, dessert and coffee.

The third style is a combination of service from the kitchen and at the table. The main course is served at the table, and usually the soup, salad, and dessert are brought in from the kitchen. Or perhaps the hostess will serve the dessert herself. Hot rolls, an extra vegetable, gravy or sauces may possibly be passed by a maid. There are several variations.

**Y**OU will learn more about table service in a later article on the subject of being hostess at dinners or luncheons. From the point of view of table manners, however, this brief description should be enough to prepare you for any method that is unlike the one used in your own home.

Remember that there is no one service that is correct for everyone. Each household should choose the style that best fits its individual needs and facilities. When you see food served in a manner that is new to you, therefore, you mustn't conclude that Mother's way is better or worse than some one's else way. It all depends upon the circumstances. What is suitable and good taste in one situation may be an affectation in another.

And now let's see what special problems might confront an inexperienced young diner-out. We will consider a formal

dinner, going through it course by course, watching for possible snags.

The first course might be one of several things: oysters or clams on the half shell; crabmeat or shrimp cocktail; tomato juice, fruit juice, or clam juice, served in a tiny glass surrounded by ice; assorted *bors-d'œuvres* (pronounced "or durvs"); a *canapé* (pronounced "kan-napay"); a half grapefruit, a fruit cup—all these are possibilities at the beginning of the meal.

A few paragraphs ago, you learned to expect the oyster fork at the right of the row of

silver. It is a small, three-pronged fork, and is not only used for oysters or clams, but also for sea-food cocktails served in a dish. Usually there is a sauce for oysters or clams. This is set in the center of a bed of ice on which the shells are arranged. Using your fork, you dip each oyster (or clam) into the sauce, separately, as you eat it. No matter how large the oysters may be, they are eaten whole, not broken or cut up.

*Hors-d'œuvres*, while not conventional dinner food, are frequently served at dinners in restaurants, particularly in French or Swedish ones. There is almost no limit to the number of cold dishes that are classified as *bors-d'œuvres*—all kinds of vegetables, fish, meat, cheeses, and eggs, in salad, aspic, or pickled form, are typical. Sometimes a small assortment is brought to you on a plate; sometimes, as in Swedish restaurants, you help yourself from the bountiful variety of dishes which are set out on a huge table called the *smörgåsbord*. Sometimes a waiter wheels up a laden handcart from which he asks you to make a choice. If choosing is too bewildering, and if you are unfamiliar with many of the dishes, you may ask the waiter to give you a small sample of each one of them. (Continued on page 40)



ROLLS OR BISCUITS ARE USUALLY SERVED WITH DINNER

Illustrated by  
ORSON LOWELL



"LINES CUT," HE SAID  
WHILE THE OTHERS STOOD  
FROZEN WITH HORROR.  
"LOOK, MRS. HAMILTON!  
LOOK CAP'N! IT'S THEM  
DEMONS THAT'S DONE IT"

# TROUBLED WATERS

*Though the sands of an unknown isle halted the "Minnie B.,"  
adventure still lay in wait for the members of her crew*

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

## The Story so Far

Kit and Libby Hamilton spent their summers at primitive Todd's Hole, on Piper's Island, where their parents had a cottage. Their visiting cousin, Constance Blake, was shocked at the simplicity of the island though she enjoyed its salty atmosphere and quaint characters—"Aunt Minnie" and Cap'n Abel Baxter, Cap'n Sol Browning, and the sorely troubled young fisherman, Bill Longman, whose nets were being cut by an unknown enemy. Nets of other fishermen were cut, too, and Cap'n Abel planned to take out his old schooner, the "Minnie B.," to patrol the fishing grounds, but his rheumatism prevented.

The Jenks family were the only other summer residents. Their daughter, Violetta—always called "Jenks"—was a tomboy. She secured Cap'n Abel's permission for Kit, Libby, Constance, and herself to camp for a week aboard the "Minnie B.," which was tied up at the wharf. They took food and blankets aboard, and had fun pretending they were cruising. A fog came up and, the second night, they woke to find the schooner adrift. Her hawsers had been cut. In spite of their efforts, the "Minnie B.," plunging aimlessly through the fog, finally ran aground on an unidentified island.

## PART FIVE

AT about the same time that the *Minnie B.* was helplessly running herself full tilt on the beach of that fog-bound islet, Mrs. Hamilton was walking leisurely towards Todd's Hole. The weather, to which eighteen summers on Piper's Island should have accustomed her, was beginning to wear her a little. Thinking this over, she decided that her uneasiness was wholly on Constance's account. That the campers had been perfectly well able to amuse themselves, she felt sure—having Violetta Jenks aboard would automatically take care of that. That they were equally able to supply themselves with provisions, she also knew. She was confident that her own girls would love nothing better than to weather it out on the schooner. The very presence of the fog would probably add to the fun; they could imagine, shut off from sight of shore, that they were actually on a vessel at sea, and had no doubt invented much nautical routine to while away the time. But, considering that Constance was definitely a tenderfoot and not in sympathy with this life even at its best, Mrs. Hamilton did think the girl should be given a chance to come home if she wanted to. If the others were so hardened and so selfishly amused that this had not occurred to them, then it was high time that an older person put in an oar and suggested that Constance return to such civilization as the Hamilton house offered, and dry out a bit.

So Constance's aunt walked down the road to Todd's Hole, more by dead reckoning than any other way, and paused at the post office where not only the mail but all the local news was usually to be had. Yes, the postmaster agreed, it was





a real solid fawg; no, the gals hadn't been reond that day, he hadn't even heerd they was on the *Minnie B.* Bill Longman had tried to go out, 'cause he was worried over his nets—he hadn't been able to visit 'em before—an' he come plumb near gittin' lost. Sol Brownin' was still away—guessed he was stuck on mainland an' couldn't git back. Mrs. Hamilton gleaned all this information, provided herself with a box of candy which she thought might be appreciated by the campers, and made her way by the ghostly road to the cove where the *Minnie B.* habitually lay.

UNTIL she actually stood on the wharf she thought the fog was so thick that she could not see the old schooner. But neither was there any sound—no answer to her hail. She ran from one side of the pier to the other, and could not believe that she saw empty water on both sides. Fifty feet away everything was lost, obliterated by the maddening whiteness. She shouted again incredulously, then with a note of terror rising in her voice. Only one possibility gave her hope—and to that hope she clung as she ran, not allowing any other thought, as yet, to push it aside. Cap'n Abel had decided to take the *Minnie B.* out, fog or no, to begin his patrolling. The girls had begged to go with him. She knew, even while she told herself over and over that this was what must have happened, that it was not so. But it was all she dared let herself think as she ran all the way to Abel Baxter's house and flung open the door. She prayed

dumbly that she might not see Cap'n Abel sitting before the stove, where she knew she *would* see him; and that Aunt Minnie would greet her with "Crazy thick weather for Abel to've gone out, a'n't it?"

But Cap'n Abel, his aching leg on a footstool, sat by the stove, smoking his pipe. Aunt Minnie dropped the pan of biscuits she was putting into the oven when she saw her neighbor's face.

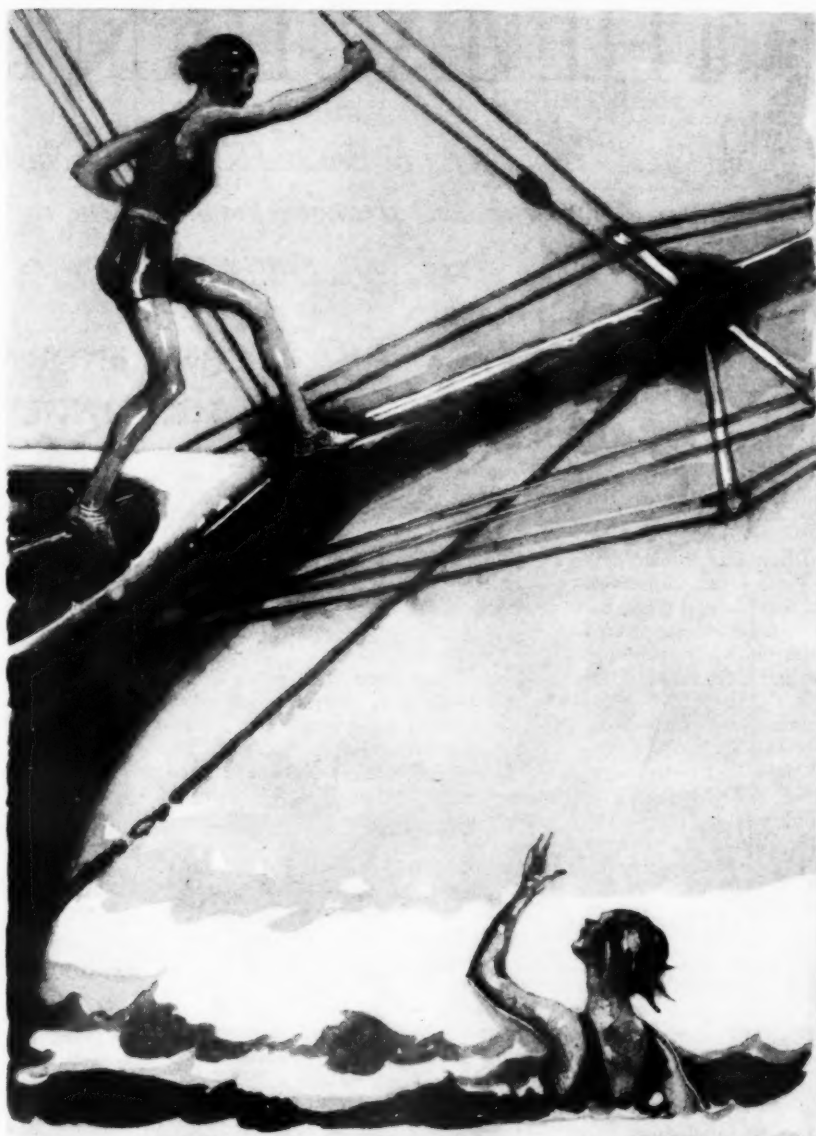
"The schooner—where is she?" It was all Mrs. Hamilton had breath to say.

"Where *is* she?" Cap'n Abel repeated blankly. "Where she's been, year in, year out."

"She's gone—she's not there," Mrs. Hamilton gasped.

"Course she's there," Cap'n Abel said testily. "Guess you mistook the wha'f in the fawg. Ther's 'nother old wha'f down on the cove, you know."

He was pulling a boot on to his rheumatic foot, groaning, and crying out, "She can't be gone—she can't be *gone*," and Mrs. Hamilton knew he was thinking only of his beloved old vessel.



But Aunt Minnie remembered. "Oh, merciful heavens above!" she whispered. "Oh! There, there, dear,—we don't know nothin' yet. They'll be safe—I jest feel it. But how come they to go out? Surely them gals didn't think they could sail a big bo't out, in this weather?"

It had never occurred to Mrs. Hamilton that the girls themselves could have attempted to sail the schooner. Hers wouldn't, she knew; but led on by Violetta Jenks—there was no telling. She suddenly felt rather sick.

They all ran, as best they could—Mrs. Hamilton far outdistancing the panting Aunt Minnie, and Cap'n Abel, limping and muttering, as he tried to make haste in reaching the wharf. Below the fish-houses, she dashed almost into the arms of Bill Longman, and told him enough to make him run, too.

"They'd never try to take her out," he shouted as they stumbled along side by side. "Kit's got too much sense—not even Jenks could make Kit do a fool thing like that. I don't believe the lot of 'em would be strong enough to get sail on the *Minnie B.*—and that Constance girl wouldn't be

EVEN CONSTANCE, AFTER A MINUTE, JOINED HER COUSINS AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY OUT ON THE BOWSPRIT. "COME ON IN, IF YOU ARE EVER COMING," JENKS ADMONISHED. "IT'S ONLY UP TO MY ARMPITS."

much good 'round a bo't, I imagine."

They almost plunged off the pier, they reached it so suddenly in the fog. And Bill Longman went instantly to the bollards around which the remains of the schooner's hawsers were still looped.

"Lines cut," he said in a queer voice. "Yes, they are—look, Mrs. Hamilton! Look, Cap'n Abel!" for the old man had come up.

"It's them dirty demons!" Cap'n Abel gasped. The sob in his voice might perhaps have been caused by his shortness of breath. "My schooner—"

YOU know why, don't you?" Bill said, his face darkening.

"Those girls," Mrs. Hamilton said in a level voice, "are out there somewhere. That's the only thing that matters now. I've got to tell Mrs. Jenks."

"It wun't do a mite o' good to go out," Cap'n Abel muttered.

"But I'm going out," said Bill Longman grimly. "It's like lookin' for a grain of sand in the sea, right now, but I'm goin'. Cap'n, you go telegraph mainland—maybe the Coast Guard cutter can do something."

They went in different directions—each torn and racked with a different distress,


each moving with the strange, numb certainty of people impelled by a devastating necessity. Mrs. Hamilton, her leaden feet carrying her swiftly towards the Jenks house, was trying to frame her words into something not too shattering for Violetta's mother. Cap'n Abel brokenly repeated to the baggage master and telegraph operator that his *Minnie B.* was lost. Bill Longman, the fog dripping from his hair on to his set face, was doggedly spinning the flywheel of his motor boat, alternately torn with anxiety for the castaways, and with bitter hatred for the gang who had done this underhanded trick in a dirty business. The fog swallowed each of them completely—engulfed them; set at naught their small human efforts; filled Bill Longman with hopelessness from the start; confused and obstructed the Coast Guard cutter, setting off cautiously in what happened to be exactly the wrong direction.

When the four castaways picked themselves out of the starboard scuppers of the *Minnie B.* where they had rolled pell-mell, and stood up on the (Continued on page 41)

# THE PAGEANT

*A new Em and Kip story in which the strange episode of the ragged coat nearly spells tragedy*

By LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER



ON a warm, dusty September day, three rather dejected riders made their way from the Flying Crow ranch to the town of Buffalo Forks. Sixteen-year-old Em Dineen rode her white-footed sorrel between the two cowboys—Kip O'Malley, lean, brown, and handsome, on his fidgety bay, and Pinto Jones, snub-nosed and bow-legged, on his stocky buckskin. Behind them, the Flying Crow roustabout drove the weather-beaten covered wagon which was only taken off the ranch for round-ups and rodeos. He leaned far out, now and then, to see if the left hind wheel was tracking.

But it was neither a rodeo nor a round-up to which the riders were headed. It was a celebration in honor of the semi-centennial of the town of Buffalo Forks. The postmaster's wife, who was the town poet, had written a "Pageant of the Plains" in free verse, and the three from "The Flying Crow" were scheduled to take part in it.

"I ain't never been in one of these outdoor pageants before," grumbled Pinto Jones.

The spectacle which Pinto contemplated with so little enthusiasm was to be held at sunset that day in the cottonwood grove just outside the town. All those who had made the West—the miner, the cowboy, the pioneer, the homeseeker—were to pass in review before a golden-robed goddess of the West, enthroned on the platform, while the lady poetess recited her stanzas into a conveniently placed microphone.

Pinto continued, "I'd rather be going to a brandin' bee than one of these pageants."

Em tried to assuage his nervousness as well as her own. "All we have to do is to dress up in old-time costumes and walk past the goddess of the West."

"The lady poet does all the spouting," added Kip O'Malley.

AS they were crossing a strip of the cottonwood grove, Pinto lifted suddenly in his stirrups and stared ahead with a muttered exclamation, "My Grandmother's bustle!"

Em and Kip followed his gaze. In a clearing of the cottonwoods a man hobbled along painfully, laboriously, as though each step were his last. Once he stumbled, half fell—caught himself up with a long groan. The deep concern on their faces changed to bewilderment as they saw a horse nearby with the Slash T brand on its hip. The Slash T was the neighboring ranch to the Flying Crow.

The wayworn person turned toward them, and Pinto Jones shouted, "Windy Lathrop, or I'm a daffodil!"

"Windy Lathrop, are you gone locoed?" Kip O'Malley demanded sternly.

"Did you eat something that upset you?" Em queried, remembering Windy's failing. Not along ago he had stolen and wolfed down some tarts she had made for a box-sup-

per, with results that were nearly tragic.

"Are your boots two sizes too small again?" accused Pinto Jones.

Windy answered loftily. "Listen, if my feet was as big as some, I might be tempted to buy boots too small. I was just rehearsing my part in the pageant. I guess I was pretty good if you folks thought I was some poor homeless wretch. Em still looks like her heart was wrung."

"Em's heart wrings easy," said Kip O'Malley shortly. "I've seen her hesitate before sending a bullet after a hen-stealing coyote."

"Just once when it was a mother coyote," explained Em, "and I hated to think of her little pups being left. But, my goodness, Windy, you don't have to rehearse for the pageant. The postmaster's wife does all the reciting poetry while the goddess of the West makes motions with her hands. All we have to do is to walk up on to the platform and stand there."

"I'm to represent the wayworn traveler buffeted by life's storms," said Windy superciliously. "I guess you ain't heard there's a committee that's going to vote on the fellow that plays his part the most convincin'ly; and that fellow is to extend his hand to the goddess of the West, and help her off her throne, and open the grand march with her."

"How touchin'!" said Pinto Jones, but honest hostility replaced the humor in his eyes, for Aline, the lovely daughter of the Professor whose land touched the Flying Crow, was to be the goddess on the throne. Aline was known on the Flying Crow as Pinto's girl, though Windy Lathrop never missed a chance to "horn in." The only reason that Aline



# AT BUFFALO FORKS

hadn't ridden in to Buffalo Forks with them, on a pony which Pinto had gentled for her, was because she'd gone earlier to rehearse her arm motions with the postmaster's wife.

Em touched the sorrel with her heel. "Let's travel. We were late starting, and we have to get our costumes together."

Windy boasted, "I got my part down pretty good. I'll ride in with you."

"We're honored, Macbeth," said Pinto and then, desiring to prick the complacency that was Windy's, "I suppose you think your patches will bring tears to every eye?"

That did prick it. "I hunted up the raggedest shirt on the place," Windy complained, "but what does Maw do but patch it, and Maw patches too good to bring tears to any eyes. If I just had a fittin' costume, they wouldn't be any doubt as to who'd open the grand march with Aline. I could always act—remember when we went to school, and they always gave me the hard parts because I put so much feelin' in them?"

*Illustrated by*  
**JOSEPH STAHLEY**



ONCE THE MAN STUMBLED AND ALMOST FELL, THEN CAUGHT HIMSELF UP WITH A LONG-DRAWN, HEART-RENDING GROAN

"How the wind doth blow!" murmured Pinto derisively.

They were on the outskirts of Buffalo Forks now, and passing the dumpyard with its tin cans, wornout shoes, and hard-used can openers. Sturdy sunflowers, their leaves gray with dust, pushed up happily between rusted cans and spokes of discarded wheels. A rickety wagon with an old and placid horse between the shafts was standing there, while the driver, an elderly man, hunted for something in the dump. As the little caravan came near, he found

what he was looking for, apparently—a stout piece of wire.

"Shane McGary!" cried Em.

Seeing the girl, the man pulled off his hat with old-world gallantry. "Miss Em, I've news for you." Em rode over, swinging out of her saddle not only to listen to the news, but to help him. It was a broken tug which needed mending with the piece of wire.

SHANE McGary's eyes had a surprising twinkle and blueness to them, his voice a pleasing brogue. "This is the happiest day I've known for many a worrying, wearying year. I'm leaving this very evening on the six-forty for New York, to meet the boat from Ireland and get my C. O. D. package. Can you guess now what it is?"

"Mary Ignatius Cecilia," Em answered promptly. "Oh, Shane, I'm so glad for you!"

"'Tis an answer to a long, long prayer," the old man said.

Yes, it had been a long, long time. Em had known the little Irishman ever since he had come to

Buffalo Forks. He had a garden patch on the edge of town, and sold milk and cream from a few cows. Not an easy life, for Buffalo Forks country was grazing country with scarcely enough rainfall for gardening. But Shane McGary pumped and carried water when his lettuce, cauliflower, and berries needed it. Untiringly he worked, driving miles through wind and sun and snow to deliver milk. When Em first knew him, he was saving to send for his daughter in Ireland. But the bank failed and his savings were wiped out. And not long after this, word had reached him that his daughter was dead.

Yet he had gone on doggedly, heavy-heartedly, at saving again. "For there's my girl's small one to send for," he said. Em always stopped to see him when she was passing by, in the patchy little house he had built for himself and kept old-maidishly neat. She had seen many letters from the "small one," with always that wistful thread of "When I



come to you in America" woven through them. But misfortune seemed to hover close over the hardworking, lonely man. Two years ago the savings, which he had hidden in his home because he mistrusted banks, had been stolen from under the floor.

Em would never forget the dreary day she had stopped in to comfort him. Shane McGary had been slumped there in his man's kitchen, with its rough floor, and its uncovered table—clean but somehow comfortless without a woman's touch. "'Tis no use, Em—there's a black fate that's stronger than I am."

**B**UT now, on this September day, he seemed full of hope. "Ah, it's thankful I am to you, Em, for putting heart in me. I remember your very words—'You're as smart as the next one,' you told me, 'so figure out some place where your money will be safe.' And we figured it out, didn't we, girl? You're the one to keep a secret, Em."

And this was the secret. Shane had worked even harder than before, skimmed even closer, and his savings he had changed to bills, and the bills he had sewed under patches on his coat. No one guessed it. The town joked in kindly pity about the miserly little Irishman and his patches, and charitable Doctor Beaker of Buffalo Forks had even tried to give him a new suit—though Shane McGary had acted so hurt and frightened and offended, and had so avoided the doctor afterwards, that his would-be benefactor never mentioned the matter again.

"All arrangements are made, slick as a whistle," the old man went on happily. "The mayor from over there in Connemara has to come to New York to hear his nephew play the fiddle, and he's bringing my little Mary Nate along with him. She's on the ocean now, the childie. Look, Em, here's a picture of her. Thirteen years old, and the mayor's

THE PAGEANT POETESS HAD ARRANGED FOR EM AND KIP TO REPRESENT THE DAUNTLESS PIONEERS OF COVERED-WAGON DAYS

wife says she can make bread and cuddle the butter from out the churn like a woman."

"I'll teach her to ride," promised Em, as she remounted her horse. The man climbed onto his wagon seat which was just a board stretched across the wagon bed. He and Em joined the others and started into the bustling little town.

As they jogged along, they passed some girls walking down the road toward the grove. Em waved to them. They were the "Prairie Breezes" who were to dance around the goddess of the West. They were probably going down for a last rehearsal.

At sight of the Breezes, Windy Lathrop, always anxious to show off before feminine eyes, dug his spurs into his bronco until the animal which had docilely trotted the eight miles across the plains, pirouetted like an unbroken, hard-to-manage outlaw.

An extra jab of Windy's spur, and the bronco humped up and bucked—which was just what his rider wanted. Windy slapped the horse with his sombrero, and let out a shrill yell, "Ow-eee-ee! Let 'er buck!" At the blood-curdling sound, the Irishman's horse, frightened out of its old wits, bolted so suddenly to one side that the makeshift board seat was dumped off the wagon, and Shane McGary with it. The old man lay in a huddled heap on the ground.

"If I just had a gun," said Kip O'Malley vengefully to Windy, "that'd be your last yell."

"A brick would be good enough for me," muttered Pinto Jones.

The injured man was only half conscious, and the shoulder of his coat was torn badly. They hurried with him over to Dr. Beaker's.



The doctor reassured them. No, he wasn't badly hurt. The fall had just knocked him unconscious. He pulled off the torn coat, revealing an equally torn shirt and a bruised shoulder underneath. It troubled Em to see the careless way the doctor tossed the coat to one side—it troubled her to see that one of the patches was partially ripped off.

"See, he's beginning to come to," the doctor went on, administering a stimulant. "I'll dress his shoulder—though it's just a skin bruise—and have him lie here till he feels stronger."

**Y**OU'RE sure he'll be all right?" worried Em. "Because he has to take the six-forty for New York tonight." "That's right—going to meet his little granddaughter, isn't he? Oh yes, he'll be all right."

Kip touched Em's arm. "If he's going to be all right, we've got to be ambling, and round up our 1885 costumes."

"Em," Pinto appealed, "d'you suppose if I found me some semicentennial chaps and a buckskin vest, and walked onto the stage draggin' one of these old saddles shaped like a whalin' vessel, I'd have a chance of escortin' the goddess off her throne? It kinda sticks in my craw for that windbag to open the grand march with her."

Em answered thoughtfully, "If you could just get some actin' into it, Pinto, it might turn the trick."

Hurrying steps came through the doctor's office, and three breathless children crowded into the little room behind it. "Em, you didn't forget that we're your children, did you? Can Emmeline be your baby—she's been crying for an hour?" (The pageant poetess in arranging for Em and Kip to represent pioneers in a covered wagon, had begged them to keep the details perfect—a washtub rattling about on the outside, and children on the inside.)

Em said, "Goodness, Kip, how could we forget our family!" She picked up the toddling two-year-old who had been named after her. "Yes, Emmeline can be my youngest."

"Grandma says for you to come and try on the old calico dress she used to wear," went on the breathless but important nine-year-old. "The skirt's awful long. And we're afraid for the waist—even holding your breath, we don't think you can fasten it. Come on, and see!"

Even then Em left reluctantly, folding Shane McGary's coat and leaving it close beside him. "I'll come back," she murmured to the half-conscious old man, "just as soon as I see about getting this long calico dress to meet on me."

There were many hurrying, last-minute things to be done before their appearance in the pageant. For instance, Kip had to take the covered wagon to the blacksmith shop to get that left hind wheel tightened. And then he had to hunt up his costume.

Em, with the children as audience, tried on the trailing calico skirt and the tight-fitting basque, over her khaki shirt and knickers. The children's prediction proved true. The stayed basque lacked a good inch of meeting on Em's boyish and muscular figure.

"I was slim around the waist in my day," said the old lady proudly. "Let's see—we can let out the underarm seams. You start ripping it while I hunt for something that'll match it." But Em's fingers were not so swift at ripping

and basting as they were with roping and branding cattle.

The sunbonnet, too, which was to cover her tumbled brown hair, had to be pressed to restore its shape, for one of the children had sat on it. Before her costume was ready, Em looked worriedly out at the sun which was sliding downward.

Kip O'Malley arrived in the covered wagon just as she buttoned the last of the twenty-three buttons on the basque. He was wearing a faded red flannel shirt, a wing-shaped mustache, and a pair of hobnailed boots which didn't hurt his feet half so much as they did his cowboy vanity. "Load the family in," he said. "Isn't there one more than we had at the last count?"

"Two, counting the dog," said Em, trying to manage her skirts and the obstreperous two-year-old. "But they all begged to ride in the covered wagon. I feel like a horse with blinders on in this sunbonnet."

A figure they scarcely recognized turned the corner at this moment. It was Pinto Jones, dragging a saddle that did look like a fishing smack; his oldtime chaps were so stiffened with age that his bowlegs could hardly navigate.

"Hi-yi, you Texas trail-driver!" laughed Em.

But Pinto's perspiring face had a stricken, frightened look. "Hey, Em, you got to go see old Shane. He's blame nigh daffy—and he keeps callin' for you."

Em's heart winged up in her throat under the bonnet strings. "Is he hurt worse than the doctor thought?"

"No, he ain't hurt bad at all. He's up and runnin' in circles like a hen with her head left at the woodpile. Seems somebody swiped that bundle of rags and patches he wore for his coat."

"No, no," the girl breathed.

"Oh, no. That's awful! Are you sure?" But a heavy premonition, as well as Pinto's troubled face, told her it was true. She pushed back the stifling sunbonnet and climbed to the covered wagon where Kip sat. "We've got to hurry—to the doctor's. Poor old Shane!"

Kip O'Malley and Pinto Jones sat beside her on the seat, while the children rattled around in back. "I might as well tell you the secret," whispered Em. "All of Shane's money—the money that's to pay for bringing over his Mary Ignatius Cecilia—was sewed under the patches on his coat."

"My Grandmother's bustle!" exclaimed Pinto sympathetically, and Kip's face tensed in understanding.

The doctor, looking flustered and aggrieved, was at his gate. "I can't see why the man should carry on so! I did catch sight of a ragged tramp going past the window with a coat over his arm—it must have been Shane's. But what difference does it make—the coat was nothing but a bunch of rags! It'd be a disgrace to our town to let the man start off for New York in such clothes. You saw yourself—didn't you, Em?—how torn and dusty the coat was from his fall?"

**Y**ES," Em groaned as she pushed past him, for her heart was heavy with reproach. She shouldn't have left the coat there. Someone must have noticed that torn patch. Perhaps a tiny corner of a greenback had showed. And now another thief had stolen the hopes of poor hardworking Shane McGary!

The old man was sitting on the edge of the cot. His hands were shaking. He raised (Continued on page 45)

## Brave Year

BY FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

The year is growing old and wise,  
The giddy spring behind it lies,  
Its stormy winds, its madcap skies—  
Forgotten.

And summer's glowing tale is told,  
Its sultry ardors have grown cold,  
Its fragrant dusk, its sunrise bold—  
Outgrown.

An autumn wind blows sharp and clean,  
Ahead the hoarfrost's sickles gleam,  
The brave year stands, proud and serene—  
Completed.



*A Paul Parker Photograph*

MUSIC HATH CHARMS! WITH HER VIOLIN TUCKED UNDER HER CHIN AND THE BOW DRAWN BY A STEADY HAND OVER SINGING STRINGS, THIS GIRL SCOUT FINDS INSPIRATION AND DELIGHT IN HER LEISURE HOURS

## "THERE IS NO R BOOK TO TAKEUS



THE WORLD OF BOOKS IS VERY WIDE WITH NO BOUNDARIES OR CIRCUMFERENCES EXCEPT THE LIMITS OF ONE'S OWN INCLINATION, INTELLIGENCE, AND IMAGINATION. THESE TWO LITTLE GIRLS ARE JUST COMMENCING THEIR TRAVELS IN THE REALM OF BOOKS WITH A GIRL SCOUT SISTER TO START THEM



STEALING A MARCH ON SANTA! FOR SEVEN SATURDAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, GIRL SCOUTS OF ORANGE, NEW JERSEY MAKE INDIVIDUAL AND ORIGINAL PRESENTS IN THEIR WORKSHOP

TWO MEMBERS OF TROOP 19 OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA DEPART FROM THE GIRL SCOUT HOUSE, CARRYING A BASKET OF GOODIES FOR A FAMILY THE TROOP HAS ADOPTED FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON



# FRIGATE LIKE A US LANDS AWAY"

—EMILY DICKINSON



*A Ruth Nichols Photograph*

HOW BOUNTIFUL THE HARVEST YIELD OF TAWNY GRAPES AND GOLDEN FRUIT! THIS GIRL SCOUT ENJOYS SKILFULLY ARRANGING THEM IN A LOW SILVER BOWL TO BE-DECK THE FESTIVE THANKSGIVING TABLE

NO BOUNTIFUL YIELD OF TAWNY GRAPES AND GOLDEN FRUIT! THIS GIRL SCOUT ENJOYS SKILFULLY ARRANGING THEM IN A LOW SILVER BOWL TO BE-DECK THE FESTIVE THANKSGIVING TABLE



*A Ruth Nichols Photograph*

ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND, LYING ABJECTLY ON THE FLOOR, IS ABOUT TO HAVE A NEW DRESS. TURN TO PAGE FORTY-FOUR AND SEE HOW SMART SHE LOOKS IN HER GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM AND HER JAUNTY HAT

PIPING IS FUN, JUDGING BY THE MERRY EXPRESSIONS ON THE FACES OF THESE TWO BROWNIES, WATCHING THEIR SCOUT SISTER PERFORM ON HER NEW SHEPHERD'S PIPES



# GIRL SCOUTS *play a large*



COLLECTING DISCARDED, USED BOOKS FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IS ONE WAY GIRL SCOUTS OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT CO-OPERATE IN A COMMUNITY ENTERPRISE

## THE HOUSE THAT PINE CONE TROOP BUILT

**H** AVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS: The Pine Cone Troop 1 of Haverhill, Massachusetts, have constructed a miniature six-room stucco cottage and presented it to the children's ward of the city hospital, as part of their community project work. The girls (who range in age from ten to sixteen years) made and completely furnished the house under the supervision of professional workmen. Color harmony, electric wiring, and interior decorating were all studied, and several girls passed badge requirements.

So attractive was the house, with its fireplace in which tiny birch logs "burned" over a red electric bulb, and with its miniature hostess dressed in Girl Scout uniform, that the Haverhill Electric Company kept it on display several weeks, thus aiding Girl Scout publicity.

The work on the house was done at the home of the captain; and the furniture, bought in room suites, decided the color schemes. A bright red living room set called for black linoleum floor with white fur rugs, white woodwork, and scarlet over-draperies. A lavender and green bedroom and bath in the same colors were decided upon when the lavender furniture arrived, and tiny taffeta over-draperies and bedspreads were made.

Window boxes, filled with stucco to hold tiny flowers, adorned the exterior, and fireproof shingles were laboriously cut by hand with the big family shears! Never was there so much fun in house building; but the best fun of all was to see the shining eyes and eager faces of the sick children in the ward at the hospital when the house was presented to them, adequately showing their thanks for the weeks of real "love labor."

*Ruth E. West, captain Pine Cone Troop 1*

THE ANNUAL RED CROSS ROLL CALL, COMMENCING ON NOVEMBER ELEVENTH, OFFERS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GIRL SCOUTS TO SERVE THEIR COMMUNITY. ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL, A DELEGATION OF GIRL SCOUTS PINS A RED CROSS BUTTON ON THE MAYOR OF NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS



## A BOOK CAMPAIGN

**H**ARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: When the Hartford Public Library had a large cut in its appropriation, Mrs. Joseph Merritt conceived the idea of having the Girl Scouts ask for discarded, used books in good condition. For the past three years we have set aside a week for book collections. The library is anxious to coöperate because its reading public has greatly increased, due to lack of funds for recreation. The library sorts the books, and those that cannot be placed on the shelves are sent to the city institutions. This year about one thousand volumes were accepted by the library, and the librarian commented on the excellent quality.

A few weeks before the opening date, letters are sent to local ministers and to various clubs asking that announcements be made at meetings. During the week there are announcements at all Girl Scout meetings, and over the radio; also editorials in the papers, two open letters from prominent citizens each day, a cartoon, and pictures.

Our adult members take the telephone calls for the books. Word is sent out to the members of a motor corps, or to a troop which meets near the place where books are to be collected. Thus the books are called for immediately and taken directly to the library, or one of the branches.

The campaign went along very smoothly this year. Peo-



# part in community activities WHETHER THEY BE LIBRARY BOOK CAMPAIGNS, HOSPITAL BENE- FITS, or DOLL SHOWS



DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS AND DOLLS DRESSED AS CHARACTERS IN FAVORITE BOOKS HELPED TO MAKE THIS CLEVER BROWNIE DOLL SHOW AN OUTSTANDING COMMUNITY SUCCESS



THIS MINIATURE HOUSE IS THE HANDIWORK OF GIRL SCOUTS OF HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

ple look forward to this annual spring cleaning of their library shelves. In fact the Girl Scout office often gets calls throughout the year to collect books, which shows that our efforts are remembered, long after the campaign is over.

*Fanchon H. Title, Public Relations Committee*

## A BROWNIE DOLL SHOW

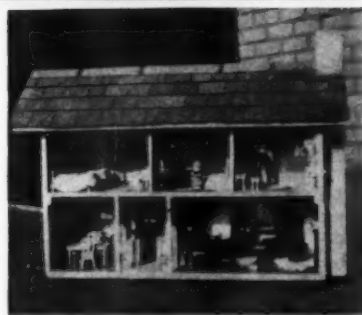
PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA: A Brownie Doll Show was held in Parkersburg, West Virginia early this year. The Brown Owls, Tawny Owls, and Pack Committee members of the four local packs joined forces in making the Doll Show a success, both financially and in the publicity it gave the newly organized Brownie program.

All Brownies and their friends, both children and grown-ups, were urged to exhibit their oldest, largest, littlest, prettiest, most original, and best character dolls, and prizes were awarded for the four best in each class. First and second prizes awarded were notebooks and scrapbooks respectively, while third and fourth places won blue and red ribbons. The variety of dolls exhibited astonished even the most hopeful committee member, and the sizes ranged from a half-inch, lace-clad Italian doll to a thirty-five-inch life-size walking doll. Practically every country of the world was represented by a native doll; museum dolls over one hundred years old were loaned for the occasion; and many dolls which had passed the half-century mark were brought out of attics for display; discarded dolls were restrung and new costumes adorned many of the prettiest ones. Characters of *Little Women*, and *Alice in Wonderland* were represented, and the *Big Bad Wolf*, *Topsy*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and even the Quintuplets were in evidence. Three non-committee members served as judges for the prize awards.

THE success of the Brownie Doll Show was made possible through the splendid coöperation of the leading department store which furnished the space for it and gave free advertising. The day of the Doll Show happened to be a rainy one, so the store was amply repaid by the business it got from the large crowd that defied the inclement weather to attend the exhibit. Admission for children was five cents, and for adults ten cents. Two Brownies and two Girl Scouts



THE YOUNG BUILDERS SURVEY THEIR HANDIWORK WITH LEGITIMATE PRIDE



THE INTERIOR OF THE DOLL HOUSE THAT BROUGHT DELIGHT TO THE INVALID CHILDREN

were at the main door of the store to give out cards telling of the Doll Show. Brownies in uniform guided visitors while the Committee members stood in the background to see that "Do Not Handle" signs were obeyed.

All visitors and exhibitors at the Doll Show were most enthusiastic and the only criticism we heard was that it was not open long enough!

*Elizabeth Wolfe, Brown Owl*

# OUT of NEW ENGLAND KITCHENS



*Traditional Recipes  
Take on Modern Dress*

By JANE CARTER

THE foods of New England! Don't the very words bring to your mind—as they do to mine—the picture of quaint farm kitchens bustling with activity, and full of the savory, friendly smell of the good old-fashioned viands that our great-great-grandmothers used to cook?

Even the names of those foods are enough to make you hungry—Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Fish Chowder from the rocky coasts of Maine, Cape Cod Clam Fritters, Codfish Cakes, Indian Pudding, Corn Bread, Pumpkin Pie, old-fashioned Snow Pudding with its yellow Custard Sauce, Gingerbread, and Apple Pandowdy with its luscious, rich brown, spicy syrup.

It has always seemed to me that the recipes for these dishes, which have been handed down to us through the years, are really heirlooms—just as much heirlooms as the massive gold jewelry, or the ancestral silverware, or the beautiful antique furni-

ture that some families own and cherish.

There are so many excellent New England dishes it was hard for me to choose among them, but I have selected the recipes that I think you will enjoy using, and I hope you will try them all. When you come to the desserts, be sure to notice the easy new way of making that old favorite, Snow Pudding. It is a light and frothy dessert, and it was often served for Thanksgiving or Sabbath Day suppers—made the day before and kept cold in a north room, or the but-tery. The recipe, as I am giving it to you, is made with lemon-flavored gelatin, and it is one of the easiest and least expensive desserts you can possibly serve.

And with Snow Pudding, a pitcher full of well-chilled Custard Sauce should be passed. The recipe for making the sauce uses



WHAT BETTER DESSERT THAN HOT, SPICY GINGER-BREAD, COLD MILK, AND A LUSCIOUS BAKED APPLE!

the egg yolk left over from the pudding. It is a great comfort to have a recipe for a good Custard Sauce—you can serve it with so many desserts and it's simple to prepare, if you will watch that it does not cook too long. Overcooking causes a custard to curdle. But remember—if this should happen, place the pan in cold water and then beat the custard with a rotary egg beater to make it smooth again. It will "come back," though it will not be quite so thick.

## *Boston Baked Beans*

- 1 quart dried beans
- 1 pound salt pork
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mustard
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 3 tablespoons molasses
- Hot water

Pick over beans and soak in cold water overnight. Then drain, wash, and parboil. Scald pork, scrape rind, and score in one-half inch cuts. Place beans in earthen pot, bury pork in beans, add salt, pepper, mustard, sugar, and molasses, and nearly cover with hot water. Bake, covered, for at least eight hours in a slow oven (325° F.), adding hot water from time to time as needed. The cover may be removed during the last hour to allow the beans and pork to brown.

## *Boston Brown Bread*

- 1 cup rye meal
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup entire wheat flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup molasses
- 2 cups sour milk, or buttermilk

Combine rye meal, corn meal, flour, soda, and salt, and sift together three times. Add molasses and milk and stir until blended. Pour into well-greased molds, filling only

one-half to two-thirds full. Cover. Steam three and one-half hours, being careful not to disturb during first hour. If additional water is needed during steaming, it must be boiling when added. Makes three small loaves.

## *Fish Chowder*

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced fat salt pork
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sliced onions
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 cups sliced potatoes
- 2 pounds haddock
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 2 cups fresh milk

Try out salt pork in kettle until crisp and delicately browned. Add onions and sauté slowly. Add water and potatoes and cook 5 minutes, or until potatoes are partially done. Then add fish and cook until it may be separated in large pieces with fork. Remove bones and skin. Add remaining ingredients; reheat and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

## *Codfish Cakes*

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound salt codfish, washed
- 8 small potatoes, pared, boiled, and mashed
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper

Cover fish with cold water and bring

slowly to a boil. Drain, rinse, and shred. Add cooked mashed potatoes, eggs, and pepper. Mix well. Mold into balls and fry in deep fat (385° F.) two minutes or until golden brown. Or the mixture may be shaped into cakes and fried in an iron "spider." Serves six.

## *Clam Fritters*

- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup chopped softshell clams
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons combination baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 6 tablespoons clam liquor

Drain clams and chop fine. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and pepper, and sift again. Combine eggs, Worcestershire sauce, onion juice, and clam liquor; add to flour mixture and stir enough to dampen flour. Add clams and mix well. Drop from spoon into deep fat (370° F.) dipping spoon each time in hot fat before dipping into batter. Cook three to four minutes, or until well browned, turning fritters frequently during frying. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve at once with Caper Sauce. Makes eighteen medium fritters.

For Caper Sauce: To one cup white sauce of medium thickness, add one-third cup capers. Season to taste.

### Baked Indian Pudding

- 5 tablespoons yellow corn meal
- 5 cups cold milk
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger

Moisten corn meal with one-half cup cold milk; stir into scalded milk. Add molasses, salt, ginger, and two and a half cups cold milk. Turn into greased baking dish. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) one hour; then stir in one cup cold milk. Continue baking one hour and stir in remaining cup of cold milk. Bake one hour longer. Serve with cream, hard sauce, or ice cream. Serves six to eight.

### Corn Bread

- $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted flour
- $2\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons combination baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup yellow corn meal
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, sugar, and salt, and sift again. Add corn meal and mix well. Combine eggs and milk; add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Add shortening. Turn into greased nine-inch layer pan, or eight by eight by two-inch pan; bake in hot oven (425° F.) forty minutes, or until done. Cut in wedge-shaped or square pieces.

Or bake in greased bread-stick or corn-ear pans in hot oven (425° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes, or until done. Makes three dozen short corn sticks.

### Gingerbread

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons combination baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter, or other shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup molasses
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sour milk or buttermilk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, spices, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then molasses. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in a greased pan, eight by eight by two inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) fifty minutes, or until done. Serve plain, or cut in squares, and top with molasses whipped cream, made by folding two tablespoons molasses into one-half cup cream, whipped.

This recipe may be baked in greased cup-cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) twenty minutes, or until done. Makes two dozen cup cakes. (Continued on page 37)



*How girl athletes improve nutrition...*

## AND GAIN EXTRA PEP AND ENDURANCE

**S**PORTS of all kinds are a lot of fun—but they frequently can be harmful, too. Take basketball, for example. It's a fast, strenuous game that burns up a lot of physical energy. Even girls who are in splendid condition may lose weight and become fatigued playing a full game of basketball.

And that explains why so many athletic coaches advise girls on their teams to drink Cocomalt every day. For they know that Cocomalt contains 5 vital food essentials every girl should have.

### Cocomalt—what it is

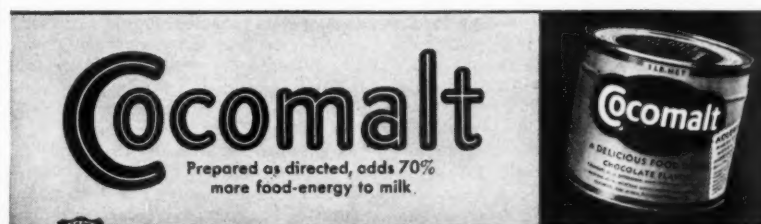
Cocomalt is a nutritious food in powder form designed to be mixed with milk. Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk—almost doubling the food-energy value of every glass you drink. Cocomalt supplies extra carbohydrates which give the food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It sup-

plies extra proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue. It provides extra minerals—food-phosphorus and food-calcium for strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt mixed with milk contains Vitamins A B D and G.

### Tastes good and IS good for you

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it, served HOT or COLD. Sold at grocery, drug and department stores in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size can. For trial can, send 10c to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. B11, Hoboken, N. J.

**For THRILLS and ADVENTURE**  
tune in on "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." See what may happen 500 years from now! Four times a week. See local paper for stations.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)



# LOVE MY DOG!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Probably, she wrote, Mr. Woollcott received so many letters that his correspondence passed through the hands of a secretary to whom the wastebasket was fatally handy. Still she added ingenuously, "I do hope you will read it. It does mean a lot to me—meanwhile, I shall remain happy by keeping my sense of humor working."

It was people such as Alice that the broadcast had been framed to reach. Letters containing information and arrangements traveled back and forth. It costs about a thousand dollars to train a guide dog, but that sum is beyond the means of many blind persons so the dogs are now sold at one hundred and fifty dollars. Alice's father was informed that this sum might be paid, if desired, on very easy terms, and that it would cover the cost of the dog and his daughter's board for the month that it would be necessary for her to live at "The Seeing Eye" in order to learn how to use the dog.

SO the long journey East was bravely undertaken. At its end Alice found herself left alone amid pleasant, reassuringly helpful voices. The first few days were spent in familiarizing herself with her surroundings, learning to get about by a system of counting steps and turns, and studying raised maps of the locality. There were lectures, too. Alice's instructors had in the meantime been studying her, deciding which dog should be assigned to guide her. A day or so later she was taken to the kennels and introduced to Sally in acceptable fashion by means of a piece of meat offered by her own hand.

Up to that day Sally had regarded her trainer as her master, and the transfer of her affections wasn't accomplished by means of a mere piece of meat. At first she was puzzled and pained that he paid no more attention to her. There followed a time of adjustment for both Sally and Alice. They returned together to the school where in Alice's room—by means of constant companionship, much petting, many brushings and offered food—they established friendly relations.

Of course, Sally had the advantage. She could see the white, patting hand, and the eager, young face, framed in its fair hair. But there was for Alice the warm, strong, furry body that had been intelligently trained to serve her.

Sally was given to understand that her new mistress loved dogs—especially Shepherd dogs—and that the dog named Sally was the best and cleverest dog that Alice had ever met—so wonderful, in fact, that Alice herself wouldn't dream of allowing any dog except Sally to take her out walking. And Sally, who knew her duty, soon resigned herself to the fact that life with her trainer was a thing of the past. She became eager to prove her worth to this affectionate and dependent girl, proud that she had been promoted to the actual guidance of a blind mistress.

Their first hikes together weren't wholly satisfactory, but both were constantly under supervision and all went well. Sally, for instance, traveled at a pace that Alice, for a few days, found inconveniently speedy. It forced her to stand straight and throw her shoulders back. This resulted in a sense of

recovered self-confidence. The daily walk—which as she became more proficient in the handling of Sally, increased in length—proved splendidly healthful, too. The growing confidence in Sally and companionship with her, the helpful, inspiring lectures, the kind, always interested instructors and staff of "The Seeing Eye" gradually restored to Alice her personal freedom and gave her, in place of a patient, assumed cheerfulness, real joy in living. She went back to Kansas City a healthier person, full of hope, and conscious that life offered her opportunities for useful independence. Her grand sense of humor rejoices in the fact that, not long ago, a woman stopped her on the street to tell her what a kind girl she was to take her blind dog out for a walk!

Sally had been chosen as a guide dog because, by the time she was about fourteen months old, she had proved herself active, alert, interested, and plucky—healthy, too, and of suitable size. Her first lessons had been simple ones in obedience—and the avoiding of obstacles. Later, in her U-shaped harness, she worked with her trainer, learning the meaning of "Left," "Right," and "Forward." An order satisfactorily carried out was rewarded with an approving pat and "Atta-Girl!" A blunder brought a disgusted and humiliating "Phooey!" How Sally did cringe from the horrid shame of "Phooey!," and how she worked to avoid it! She had to learn to size up traffic situations, and to handle unexpected ones. Last, she had been taught to disobey when her own eyes told her that obedience meant danger to the blind person she was guiding. She wasn't like Ortie, imported from Europe—though Ortie, too, trained with her master at "The Seeing Eye"—she was a "Seeing Eye" dog, born in America and bred at Whippany, New Jersey. She had three months of higher education and several successive examinations before she received what might be called her "guide-dog diploma."

It had taken Sally's trainer three years to learn how to prepare her for her duties. It would take another two before he would be considered competent to instruct in the school. Part of his training had been to work with a trained Shepherd for a month while blindfolded, handling the animal in traffic in order that he might understand the feelings of a sightless person, his point of view, and his limitations. He had, too, to understand in what way a dog's mental processes differ from those of a human being.

THOUGH Sally is a graduate of Whippany, the Shepherds, Buddy and Ortie, are alumnae of "Fortunate Fields" in Switzerland. "Fortunate Fields" was a breeding and training station on Mount Pelerin near Lake Geneva, where dogs of superior intelligence and trustworthiness were formerly trained for Swiss, German, and Italian police and patrol service and, perhaps most important of all, in the guidance of the blind.

As a station for breeding the Shepherd for intelligence, and training that intelligence, "Fortunate Fields" was a scientific enterprise about six years older than the same work being done today at Whippany, New Jersey. It owed its inception to the

interest that an American woman, Dorothy Harrison Eustis, had taken in the German Shepherd dog, and her desire to recapture "those qualities of intelligence and of heart which have characterized the breed for centuries, but which have been largely lost by breeding for show purposes." To use her own words, she saw the Shepherd as "a Niagara of energy going to waste, an intelligence waiting to be used intelligently as a public servant and a useful citizen." About three years after she had established the kennels at "Fortunate Fields," Mrs. Eustis visited Potsdam, Germany where, for some time, she studied the work being done with dogs trained to lead war-blinded veterans.

Mrs. Eustis is a person of practical idealism, a great nature lover. Whether skirting the blue depths of some snowy crevasse, or training her field glass on a bright-winged bird in order to distinguish its species, or packing into the hills with spirited horses, she spends her time doing worthwhile things. Her father was the late Charles Custis Harrison, a former Provost (President) of the University of Pennsylvania, and, as the name "Custis" implies, a descendant of Martha Washington. Educated in private schools, she is one of those people whose education has never ceased. There has been much European travel, a visit to North Africa, journeys to China and Japan. There was also a model farm in Hoosic Falls, New York—an experimental answer in the affirmative to the question, "Is it possible these days to farm at a profit?" But, of all her ventures and adventures, the one that has afforded her the richest satisfaction was that begun at "Fortunate Fields," transferred to America, and today known as "The Seeing Eye."

AFTER several years spent in trying out her own theories, Dorothy Eustis, wishing to let her countrymen know something of the work being done in Germany, sent an article to *The Saturday Evening Post*, which was published and, of course, widely read. In Nashville, Tennessee lived a young man—blind since his last year in high school, but bravely pursuing his studies at Vanderbilt University—in whom that account of the work done by guide dogs roused the deepest interest. It had been read to him by a friend. In four years' time, Morris Frank had grown wearily accustomed to his blindness, but not at all resigned to the limitations the loss of sight imposed. For a mentally alert, naturally active person like himself, the hardest thing to bear was his eternal dependence, the inevitable waiting on the time or convenience of someone else. Mrs. Eustis received many letters from blind people, but Mr. Frank, who so desperately craved independence for himself, wrote, "How can I, a blind man, help to develop a similar service for America?" The spirit that had prompted the question strongly appealed to her. She was then in Switzerland at her research and experiment station, and from there she wrote, inviting Mr. Frank to come to Mount Pelerin in order that he might himself train with a dog. Later it would be possible to take the dog back and test just how successfully it could be handled (Continued on page 36)



# FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS GET GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

**FINE PERSONAL STATIONERY** appeals to all girls who like nice things. Heavy club parchment, deckle-edged, is engraved with the trefoil in gold. The white kid-finished gift box, also engraved with the trefoil in gold, is protected with Cellophane. Twenty-four double sheets and twenty-four envelopes.

11-603 .....\$7.50

**CORRESPONDENCE CARDS** are pale green in color and attractively decorated with deep green silhouettes—and just the right size for thank-you notes. The sixteen cards (eight of each design) and sixteen envelopes are quite modern in their wrapping of Cellophane. 11-602.....\$2.25

**THE GIRL SCOUT STATIONERY** is pale green, too—to match the correspondence cards, but with two different silhouettes in deep green. Twelve sheets of each design, with matching envelopes, will take care of a lot of correspondence. 11-601.....\$5.00

**THE SMALL COMPASS**, with only eight points, makes it easy for the tenderfoot to pass the compass requirement for second class. Although only an inch in diameter, it is sturdily made and reliable. 11-354.....\$2.25

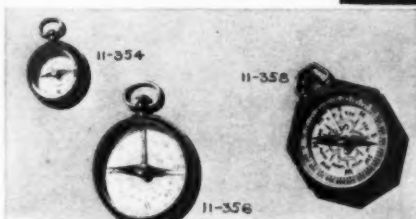
**A LARGER COMPASS** may be had with a case of nickel-plate or of Bakelite. These compasses are marked at the sixteen points as well as at every five degrees. The sensitized needle is mounted on a jewel pivot and fitted with a locking device

11-356 Nickel-plated Case.....\$0.80

11-358 Green Bakelite Case.....1.00

11-359 Mariner-blue Bakelite Case.....1.00

**BOOK ENDS** make a gay gift—in orange and gold on forest green. Although made of light-weight metal, the bases, which slide under the books, keep them from tipping over. 11-693 Pair.....\$1.00

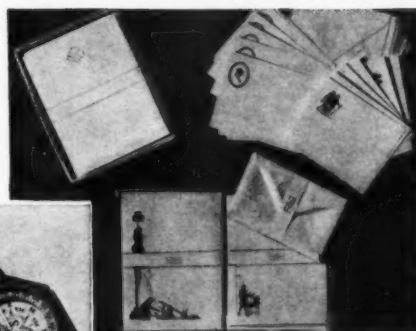


**A GIRL SCOUT RING** of silver or gold will be worn with pride by all Girl Scouts. Similar to a signet ring, it has the trefoil insignia in full detail. Complete with gift box. 11-681 Sterling silver.....\$0.75  
11-682 10-karat gold.....3.75

**THE COMPACT** has a special appeal to the 'teen-age Scout particularly, to whom a shiny nose is to be shunned as the plague. She will like the loose powder feature, too—so she can use her favorite brand. The case of nickel silver has a deep green cover with the trefoil in gold. Complete with puff and mirror, and boxed. 11-675.....\$5.00

**A MANICURE SET** is a most welcome accessory for the purse, the dressing-table or in the toilet kit for traveling—compact and convenient. The steel file and scissors and the orange stick fit into the shaped green leather case. The gold trefoil is your mark of quality. 11-508 .....\$0.90

**THE OFFICIAL WATCH**, sturdy and



not too small, has the trefoil stamped on the face. The radiolite hands and the second hand add to its usefulness. The case is of nickel-plated silver, and the braided sport band of brown leatherette. 11-706 In gift box .....\$5.00

**A PEN AND PENCIL SET** is always a welcome gift, and popular with the Girl Scout at school or the leader in business. The mottled green finish is decorated with gold-filled bands, and the clips with the trefoil medallion. The pen point is 14-karat gold, and the pencil is supplied with an eraser and extra leads.

11-761 Set, boxed.....\$2.00

11-762 Pen, only.....1.25

11-763 Pencil, only.....1.00

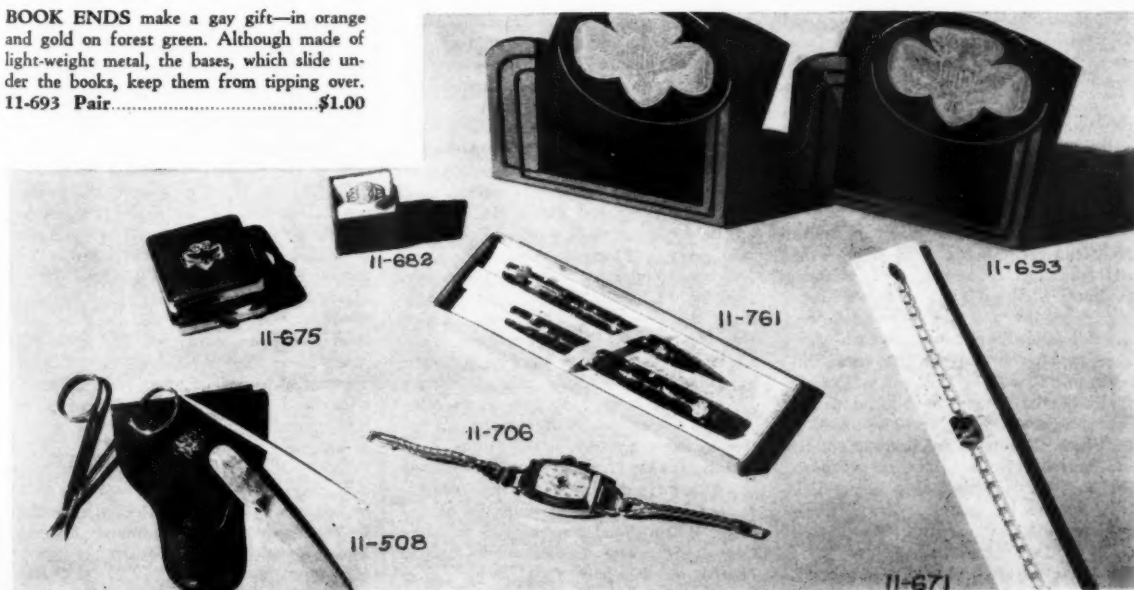
**THE TREFOIL BRACELET** follows the trend of modern costume jewelry, with its rectangular links and medallion of rhodium-plated silver. The trefoil in full detail is shown in a raised design on the medallion. 11-671 .....\$5.00

## GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

National Equipment Service

570 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.





**G**OOD NEWS! Book Week is almost here—November seventeenth to twenty-third it is—and the Book Week slogan is one which will please every AMERICAN GIRL reader. For it is *Reading for Fun*.

As their part of the celebration, the publishers of our country have been busily getting the autumn books ready. And what a delightful lot these new books are! Boys and girls of all ages are going to have fun with them. Knowing that many of you are already thinking of your Christmas lists, I am going to mention as many titles as I possibly can this month—books for you, for your teen-age brother, and for your younger brothers and sisters. And next month, I shall tell you about still more.

#### *For Small Sister and Brother*

Even children who cannot yet read have their own gay books, these days. *Little Baby Ann* by Lois Lenski (Oxford, 75c) is the charming story of the day-to-day things that happen to a baby, with pictures, too. *Ted and Nina Go to the Grocery Store* by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, Doran, 50c) is another very real little story, with attractive pictures in color. *Fun at Happy Acres* by Ruth Barlow (Crowell, \$2.00) is about a visit to a fascinating farm with Charles and Nancy. The illustrations are especially fine photographs—and I know one four-year-old who has looked at them hundreds of times. *Captain Teddy and Sailor Chips* by Creighton Peet (Loring and Mussey, \$2.00) is another photograph book to be pored over—the story of a small boy and his dog, and how they visited the New York waterfront, and saw just about every kind of boat.

There are amusing books for small children, too. *Mister Penny* by Marie Hall Ets (Viking, \$1.00) is about a funny animal family and their owner, with pictures that make you chuckle. *Arabella* by Lois Maloy (Scribners, \$1.50) is a merry-go-round horse who leaves his post for adventures with Judy and John. Every adventure has its own picture, and the story is the kind small children enjoy. *There Was Tammie* by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (Dodd, Mead, \$1.00) is about a Scotch terrier who just *would* go to a picnic! The book has brightly colored pictures, too. In *Gone is Gone* (Coward McCann, \$1.00), Wanda Gag has told, in her story and her pictures, about a man who wanted to do house work—an old folktale in a delightful small book.

And here are two bits of good news about old favorites. Babar, the Elephant, is with

### By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, The Junior Literary Guild

us again—this time as *Babar, the King*. The story is by Jean de Brunhoff (Smith and Haas, \$3.00) and Babar is as delightful as ever, both in the story and in the many colored pictures. The other piece of good news is that all four of A. A. Milne's enchanting books may now be bought for one dollar apiece (E. P. Dutton).

A beautiful book for youngest children is *Little Ones* by Dorothy Kunhardt, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Viking, \$2.00). Here are baby animals of all kinds—the kitten who purrs in soft rumbles; baby calves with wet, warm noses; and laughing little colts.

#### *For Those Next Older*

*Rainbow in the Sky*, a book of poems collected by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), is an extra special Christmas present, for it is one to be cherished for many years. The poems are selected from the finest ever written for children, and the many pictures are by Reginald Birch, the illustrator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

*Johnny Crow's New Garden* by Leslie Brooke (Warne, \$1.50), brings back another favorite, Johnny Crow himself, and his animal friends. Children six, seven, and eight years of age will chuckle over the pictures and enjoy the rhymed story.

And here are books by the widely loved Haders, the d'Aulaires, and Armstrong Sperry, all of whom not only write their stories, but illustrate them, as well. *Jamaica Johnny* by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan, \$2.00) is about a little black orphan who lives in Jamaica. *Children of the Northlights* by Ingri and Edgar d'Aulaire (Viking, \$2.00) is laid in Lapland, and is about the adventures of two small Lapps. *One Day with Tuktuk* by Armstrong Sperry (Winston, \$2.00) is the story of an Eskimo boy who had a thrilling time on the ice. These books have many pictures in color.

Other stories that young readers are certain to enjoy are *Across the Cotton Patch* by Ellis Credle (Nelson, \$1.50)—the story of a little girl named Pig-Tail and her brother, and how they played with the colored twins, Atlantic and Pacific; and *Kintu, a Congo Adventure* by Elizabeth Enright (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.00) which takes young readers into the African jungle with

the son of an African Congo chief. This is a gallant and interesting little story.

#### *For Children Nine to Twelve Years of Age*

Stories and stories and stories! And many good ones about animals, which boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age so greatly enjoy. Among the best are *Kelpie, the Gypsies' Pony* by Ursula M. Williams (Lippincott, \$2.00), about a wild pony who was trained by a small boy—and of their life among the gypsies; and *The Tale of Two Horses* by A. F. Tschiffely (Simon and Schuster, \$2.00), the true story of a trip taken by a man and his two horses through South America to Washington, D. C.

For a present to an animal lover, I suggest *The Book of Prehistoric Animals* by Raymond Ditmars and Helene Carter (Lippincott, \$2.00), on whose many colored maps you will find pictures of dinosaurs and other ancient beasts, in the very part of the world where their skeletons have been found. Doctor Ditmars also tells you many fascinating facts about these prehistoric creatures.

There are some fine new stories this year about boys and girls in other countries. *The Good Master* by Kate Seredy (Viking, \$2.00) relates the adventures of a tomboy and her cousin on a ranch in Hungary, with distinguished pictures. Eight- to ten-year-old boys who think they would like to be cowboys will especially enjoy *Young Cowboys*, written and illustrated by Will James (Scribner's, \$1.50), since Billy, the hero of the book, lives on a ranch, and has his own small horse, "Big Enough."

Any boy or girl who likes magic will enjoy the books of E. Nesbit, the English writer, for not only is magic in them, but the characters are very natural boys and girls who have good times. *The Wonderful Garden* by E. Nesbit (Coward McCann, \$1.75) is the story of the three C's—Caroline, Charlotte, and Charles—and their amazing days in their uncle's garden. *Pedro, the Potter* by Idella Purnell (Nelson, \$1.50) brings a young Mexican boy to us. The story tells what he did when he became head of his family, and how he went to Mexico City to become a painter.

Stories about the boys and girls of other days include *He Went with Marco Polo* by Louise Andrews Kent (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), the picturesque adventures of a boy who went with Marco Polo on his famous trip; *The Little House on the Prairie* by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper, \$2.00), the

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## CONUNDRUM!

What can you give your best pal for Christmas that is black and white and red all over, that is different every thirty days, that will keep her enthralled for hours, and that will remind her of your thought of her twelve times a year in the very nicest way imaginable? Answer on page 36.

true story of a family moving in a covered wagon from the big woods of Wisconsin to the Kansas prairies; and *Children of the Handicrafts* by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey (Viking, \$2.00), true stories of children of other times who had a real share in creating America's handicrafts.

For a story of today, I recommend *Honey Jane* by May Justis (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00) which takes you into the Tennessee mountains with a courageous little girl and her friends, there to share with them the ending of a feud.

### Books for Older Girls

A special book for AMERICAN GIRL readers is *It's More Fun If You Know the Rules* by Beatrice Pierce (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.75). Yes, Beatrice Pierce's articles from our very own magazine have been made into this new kind of etiquette book for girls of today. All of our AMERICAN GIRL articles are in the book, and a number of new chapters, as well.

In addition to the stories of which I have told you in previous articles, I recommend to you these others: *Patty's Progress* by Rose Knox (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), the fine story of a Southern girl of the '90's who goes away to school, there to have delightful times and very real problems in the solving of which she learns many things about herself; and *Keturah Came 'Round the Horn* by Ada Claire Darby (Stokes, \$1.75) which introduces a likable New England girl who, in 1846, went around the Horn to old San Diego with her sea-captain father.

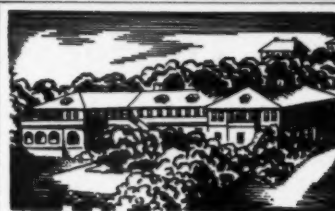
### For Your Brother in his Teens

For the boy who likes to know what makes the wheels go 'round, here are three books, each filled with photographs that do this very thing: *Talking Wires* by Clara Lambert (Macmillan, \$2.00), the story of the telephone; *Automobiles From Start to Finish* by Franklin Reck (Crowell, \$2.00); and *Moviemakers* by John J. Floherty (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00).

*Boy on Horseback* by Lincoln Steffens (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00) is the true story of Mr. Steffens's boyhood as he rode his pony near his California home, making friends with cowboys, ranchers and racing men.

For the boy who likes adventures of other days, there is a truly exciting choice. *The Pony Express Goes Through—An American Saga Told by its Heroes* by Howard R. Driggs is the thrilling account, told by the Pony Express men themselves, of this adventurous period in the opening of the West; *All Sail Set* by Armstrong Sperry (Winston, \$2.00) is the dramatic story of a boy who sailed on the first voyage of the *Flying Cloud*, the famous clipper ship; *Moccasins on the Trail* by Wolfe Thompson (Longmans, Green, \$2.00) is the story of an Indian boy in the days before the coming of the white men.

For the boy who enjoys stories and books of today, I recommend: *Bob Gordon, Cub Reporter* by Graham Dean (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), the story of a boy who graduated from editorship of his school paper into the rush of a real reporter's job, and *Split Seconds, Tales of the Cinder Track* by Jackson Scholz (Morrow, \$1.25), in which a famous Olympic champion tells stirring stories of boy athletes in track meets.



## JOBS ARE FUN

if you approach them in the right spirit—says Fjeril Hess, well-known to Girl Scouts. In her books she writes about girls and their jobs and shows how success is a matter of brains, brawn and a sense of humor.

### The House of Many Tongues

(published Sept. 10)

Lynn Garrow went to Prague after the War to work with a social service unit. One of her big problems was to find housing quarters for the thousands of university students there. It was a tremendous task, full of grave responsibilities and Lynn had her dark moments. However, her will to succeed, her friendliness, her capacity for getting in and out of unusual situations make this one of the liveliest experiences any girl ever had. An unusually fine story (with a romance) for Girl Scouts. \$2.00

### The Mounted Falcon

The story of Lynn Garrow's earlier experiences in Prague. There is the thrill of living in an old castle, the excitement of riding with the crack troop of Sokols (Falcons) and many amusing experiences. \$2.00

### Buckaroo

Lynn Garrow's first job after college was teaching school on a ranch in Nevada. She learned much about horses and cowboys and acquired a sense of values which helped in other jobs. \$1.75

### Sandra's Cellar

Sandra Howard longed for a chance to work with books and earned her college expenses working in a bookstore. Everything from dusting books to running her own press was fun, and the story is full of "happenings" to interest older girls. \$1.75

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ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM ON PAGE 35

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# THIS BUSINESS of READING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

centh Century gave evening parties at which they always turned the conversation into literary channels. Later the phrase came to mean ladies who were really pretty terrible bores because all they deigned to talk about were what we today should call the most "high-brow" subjects.

I think there is little danger, however, that either of you will ever so limit yourselves—not, at least, to judge by your present lively conversation! This discourse of mine may seem to have been extremely serious, but you will correct that with your own practice. At the same time, till you can compare the latest novel that is being talked about—for example—with the best novels of the past in its own particular category, you will not be nearly so interesting in your conversation with adults as you can well and easily be. It is not necessary to be either an expert, or what is called an "authority." You will know a good deal more about certain books than you will about others. Your personal taste will lead you. But you must develop some kind of personal taste; and you will find a great deal more pleasure in cultivating a really good taste in books than in having merely a scrambled notion of what has been written, and of whether or not the book-of-the-minute is good, bad, or indifferent.

TO end these random remarks with a reference to what you may regard at the moment as a more practical matter—as the history of the world has taught us that the normal course of life results in marriage, you may incline to the opinion that if a

girl is good-looking and smart about her clothes and fairly intelligent, it should be quite enough for any young man to expect. Young men, you will be inclined to think, sheer off from the girl who is too well read. My own opinion is that they only sheer off from the girl who flaunts it. I'm afraid my own lugubrious sex generally wishes to be thought to have a "corner" on mental powers! But I think the world has changed a good deal. I never yet knew a man who wasn't proud of having a wife with a good mind, provided she was judicious in her display of it! If he isn't proud of it, he isn't, to my way of thinking, much of a man.

AT this point I realize I am anticipating—which is not without its pang, for there never was a father yet who did not regard most of the young men who came around and sat on the doorstep in the light of unbearable nuisances. You have your own lives to lead. I hope they will be of great happiness. To that happiness I think books will greatly contribute. Like all good things they should take up only the proper proportion of your life. I once wrote an essay on "The Bullying of Books." Sometimes one finds one is devoting altogether too much time to them. Then you simply have to bully them into their suitable place in your existence. I live among a constant influx of them, and often they overpower me. At such times a man can choose the Polo Grounds, the Forest Hill tennis matches, or a prize-fight. A young lady will always have a party to go to, or plenty to do around the house. Or, if you open the door, probably one of those nuisances to whom I have referred will be found on the doorstep with a ukelele.

## LOVE my DOG!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

amid the complications of American traffic.

Nowadays Mr. Frank enjoys telling, a little grimly, that he made his long journey to Europe by American Express—which meant that, from the time he boarded the boat to the time he arrived, the American Express Company was responsible for his safety. They took no chances that he wouldn't be there to deliver at his destination. He was shown to his stateroom and kept there under lock and key, except for such times as he was escorted to the deck for exercise. After meeting Mrs. Eustis, life took on new meaning. Mount Pelerin—with its school and kennels, competent instructors, and, above all, Buddy herself—was literally a mountain-top experience for young Morris Frank. It rebuilt his damaged pride, restored self-confidence, and gave him a cause to work for. On first hearing Mrs. Eustis's article, he had wished that every blind person in the United States who could use a guide dog might have one. After working with and getting to love Buddy, the desire became a "magnificent obsession." Mrs. Eustis and he discussed ways and means of bringing the "Seeing Eye" to America.

After a time Mr. Frank returned to his own country with Buddy. There they traveled thousands of miles, in the East particularly, seeking out streets that were narrow or curbless, city squares, areas of

congested traffic. Everywhere that he and Buddy went together, the principles learned abroad proved sound, and as workable in fast-moving America as in more leisurely Europe. Mr. Frank cabled Mrs. Eustis, waiting in Switzerland, that the experiment had proved wholly successful, that they must start a philanthropic school in the United States. Together, in 1929, they founded "The Seeing Eye." Today, because of their joint efforts and the capable coöperation of a well-chosen staff, the work of breeding, training, and instructing is carried on successfully in New Jersey on property adjacent to the school. Mrs. Eustis devotes such time as she can spare from administration and policy-shaping at Whippany to the giving of film-illustrated lectures on the training and use of Shepherd guides. Mr. Frank works particularly with the blind and their problems, but he, too, spends several months of each year delivering lectures, or making less formal talks on the same subject.

One day this summer, crossing from Hoboken to New York by way of the Twenty-third Street ferry, I had the wholly unexpected good fortune of a talk with Morris Frank. Buddy, her work of getting him on the top deck, through the cabin, and out to the front of the boat neatly accomplished, lay sedately at our feet. The beloved companionship (Continued on page 41)



## OUT OF NEW ENGLAND KITCHENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Three-fourths cup sweet milk may be substituted for sour milk and soda.

### Snow Pudding

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 pint warm water
- 1 egg white, unbeaten

Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water, add egg white, and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve with Custard Sauce. Serves ten.

### Custard Sauce

- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon flour
- Dash of salt
- 1 egg yolk, well beaten
- 1 1/4 cups milk scalded
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, flour, salt, and egg yolk. Add small amount of milk, stirring vigorously. Add to remaining milk in double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Makes one and one-half cups sauce.

### Pumpkin Pie

- 2 cups mashed cooked pumpkin
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon mace
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon ginger
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 tablespoon molasses
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 cups milk, scalded

Pie crust

Line a deep pie plate with pastry, rolled one-eighth inch thick, allowing pastry to extend one inch beyond edge. Fold edge back to form standing rim; flute with fingers. Combine remaining ingredients in order given; pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) twenty minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake thirty minutes longer, or until filling is firm.

### Apple Pandowdy

- 4 tart apples, pared and sliced
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- 4 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Pie crust

Place apples and water in greased baking dish; cover and bake in hot oven (425° F.) ten minutes, or until apples are partially cooked. Combine tapioca, sugars, salt, cinnamon, and butter; add to apples and mix well. Cover with pie crust rolled one-eighth inch thick; prick with fork. Return to oven and bake fifteen minutes longer, or until crust is delicately browned. Serve with hard sauce. Serves four.

## CRITICAL MOMENTS NO 5

### "WE HAD A PUNCTURE MILES FROM TOWN"

"Sue and the youngster were with me. No farmhouses! No passing cars! Freezing cold and pitch black! And then when the rim stuck ... boy! Believe me, I was glad I had my Eveready Flashlight in the car."

(Excerpt from an actual letter)



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## COVER CONTEST NEWS

The winning title for the September cover is "The Taming of the Shrewd," which was submitted by Gene K. Dodge, of Virginia, Minnesota. Gene's prize is a book. Other good titles were: "On the Dole"; "The Situation in a Nut Shell"; "Come and Get It!" (two entries); "The Timid Soul" (two entries); "A Girl Scout Is a Friend to Animals" (five entries); and "Nuts to You!" (twenty-two entries!).

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed by November fifteenth.

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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### UNCONQUERED KINGDOM

Why did Italy, seemingly, go out of her way to pick a quarrel with Ethiopia? For an answer to that question, a glance at Ethiopia's history may prove helpful.

Historians tell us Ethiopia is the oldest kingdom now in existence, and one of the hardest to conquer. Certain of the Pharaohs, rulers of ancient Egypt, brought parts of it under their sway. But, about the eleventh century, B.C., the Ethiopians rebelled and drove the Egyptians out. Later, Cambyses,



king of the Medes and Persians, tried to annex Ethiopia—and failed ingloriously. In 24 and 23, B.C., the Romans attempted the same feat, only to give it up.

Many centuries went by, after that, before a new threat to Ethiopia appeared, in the shape of Italy. In 1870, an Italian company bought Assab, a port on the Red Sea's southwest shores, from a local Sultan. In 1882 Assab was taken over by the Italian government, and the foothold it provided was expanded into the colony of Eritrea.

Disputes flared up. Italy invaded part of Ethiopia with twenty thousand men. Instead of bringing war, however, this invasion ended in a treaty with the famous Ethiopian emperor, Menelik II. (There's a sketch of him in this column.) But, after a dispute with Italy over the exact terms of the treaty, Menelik repudiated it.

Clashes on the border followed. Finally, in 1896, General Baratieri led some thirteen thousand soldiers against Menelik. The Ethiopian king, with about ninety thousand warriors, had taken up a commanding position near the Ethiopian town of Adowa. There, Baratieri attacked, only to see his men overwhelmingly defeated.

In the peace treaty that ended the conflict, Italy and other European nations acknowledged Ethiopia's complete independence. But Italy never forgave the land that had humiliated her. That is why, to Italian soldiers, the name "Adowa" has been a sort of rallying cry. Now they chalk up on trains, "Remember Adowa!"

So the fierce, triumphant independence of earth's oldest kingdom has been guiding the course of recent events.

### VOICES WIN FRIENDS

You'll often hear it said that popular girls and men usually have pleasant voices. The truth of that remark is borne out by a "speech survey" made not long ago by Dr. Elizabeth D. McDowell. Dr. McDowell is associate professor of speech at Teachers College, Columbia University. A person, according to her, may have brains and good looks but may be robbed of full social or business success by a repellent voice. A dull, listless, monotonous tone, she says, may reduce a man or woman to a near-nonnentity in spite of appealing personal traits and professional capabilities.

Her advice to those so handicapped is to cultivate the art of being genial with many different kinds of people. Such efforts toward friendliness help to thaw out lifeless voices into warm, vital ones.

In general, it appears, speech traits are determined by the size and shape of a person's features, but much can be done to remedy voice defects. For one thing, most of us are so used to the sound of our own voices that our tones and enunciation hardly register on our own ears. But Doctor McDowell has found that if she makes phonograph records of voices, thus letting students hear their own faults, improvement usually follows.

### A FEW HARD WORDS ABOUT EARS

As we walk through a wood, listening, perhaps, to the whispering of leaves stirred by a breeze, and to a cricket's song, it's not apt to occur to us that there may be loud, shrill sounds in that forest which our ears aren't good enough instruments to detect. Yet experiments made by Professor George



W. Pierce at Harvard University prove that such is the case.

Professor Pierce has invented sensitive devices which register noises too high-pitched to be heard by human ears. Among other interesting discoveries he has found that the highest notes of a cricket's chirping escape us, and that most of the noise made by rustling leaves is entirely inaudible to us.

And there's nothing we can do about it!

### MASTER OF LAUGHTER AND TEARS

For several years, movie-goers have missed a familiar figure on the screen: a small tramp strutting with pathetic elegance in baggy trousers and exaggerated shoes, and sporting a derby and a bamboo cane. But, if present plans work out, we're to see that little figure again this autumn. Charlie Chaplin will be with us once more, in a new film. Moreover, he's said to be planning to make



six other pictures, two starring himself and four with Paulette Goddard.

The few who've been allowed on the Chaplin lot while the new film was being made say that Charlie has changed. He no longer halts production in the middle of a scene with a shout to startled extras and "prop" men, "Come on, boys! Let's all go for a swim!" Nor does he meander about the lot, as he used to, playing a violin while all the others of the cast twiddled idle thumbs. Instead, he has been trying to put system into his work.

Chaplin has been called Hollywood's only real genius. He brings a patience, a concentration to his art that's the wonder of all those who work with him. Each film takes form slowly in his mind over a period of years—before he starts production. He himself designs all the costumes and all the sets, directs each picture and composes the music for it, as well as bringing to it his genius as an actor. With every one of his productions, and to an extraordinary degree; Charlie is the film.

### SHADES OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH!

What takes place, electrically or otherwise, fifty miles above the earth's surface? This is what the noted physicist, Dr. Robert H. Goddard, has determined to find out. Twenty-eight years ago he started his experiments with power rockets. Now, from his sixty-foot tower near Roswell, New Mexico, he has fired a twelve-foot rocket at the amazing speed of seven hundred miles an hour. So far, he has not attempted to pierce altitudes of more than three or four thousand feet.

Three years ago he perfected and patented a device for steering his rockets. The propelling power is a highly explosive combination of liquid oxygen and gasoline.

Dr. Goddard hopes eventually to equip a large type of rocket with a camera which will take photographs of the heavens unblurred by the earth's atmosphere.

Scientists have predicted that the rocket as a carrier will be the next step in transportation, and that America is the country that will perfect it.

#### GETTING UNDER THE EARTH'S SKIN

People with imaginative minds have sometimes speculated on the possibility of obtaining enough heat for all human needs by tapping the unlimited stores under the earth's surface. They have wondered just how deep a shaft would have to be sunk before such stores became available.

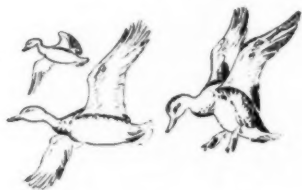
Now comes news that work on the world's deepest shaft—a dry well in Upton County, Texas, drilled by the Gulf Production Company—has been halted for good and all. The bottom of this man-made hole is actually 12,786 feet below the earth's surface—between two and three miles deep. At that great depth, it has been found that thermometers register 182 degrees, Fahrenheit. Those in charge of the drilling believe that if the well were sunk two thousand feet deeper, the temperature would rise as high as that of boiling water.

No "heat tapping" for commercial purposes is planned, however. Engineers seem to feel that such a scheme would call for too large an outlay for too small a result.

#### GOOD NEWS FOR BIRDS AND BEASTS

The American buffalo, or bison, is now a beast in a zoo, or is protected, along with a few hundreds of his kind, behind wire fencing in one of the dozen or so Western preserves. And he's the animal that roamed the plains in millions! The elk has shared his fate of practical extermination. The heath hen, the passenger pigeon are no more.

Mr. J. N. Darling, Chief of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, is doing



his best to stop just such ruthless destruction of our remaining wild life: deer, quail, turkey, grouse, bear, and, more particularly, the migratory bird. It's not enough, he points out, that we make game laws to limit direct killing. Wild life must have proper cover, proper breeding places. For, as he says, "a duck cannot lay eggs on a picket fence." The old, marshy breeding grounds destroyed by ill advised drainage must be restored, and sanctuaries established.

Last year, eight and a half million dollars was allotted for the purchase of wild life areas. This year, Congress appropriated six million more.

Nine universities, whose locations are such as to make the plan possible, are arranging for courses in wild-life research.



## Feel fit for FUN!

THIS is the time of year when everything is happening — school, sports, social events. There are so many ways to expend energy.

If you want to feel fit to enjoy these active days, eat nourishing, energy-producing food. A bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream for breakfast will start your day off right. These crisp, appetizing flakes will give you that extra energy that helps you to enjoy things more.

Kellogg's are satisfying, too, for a light lunch, or a snack after school. Try them with sliced fruit or honey.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are always crisp, because they're packed in a *heat-sealed* WAXTITE inner bag.

Sold by grocers everywhere. Made only by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

#### \* Tune in Kellogg's COLLEGE PROM

A sparkling half-hour of song and rhythm. The thrills of sports. The excitement and color of a different campus every week! EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT. 8:30 (E. S. T.). WJZ coast-to-coast Network—N. B. C.



## Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



# YOUR TABLE MANNERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

*Canapés*, when served at the table, are larger than the tiny tid-bits of the living-room variety. Therefore, at the table, the *canapé* becomes a fork food, and is not eaten with the fingers as it is when served with tea.

THE second course is almost sure to be some kind of soup. Soup, as you have been warned from babyhood, is eaten noiselessly. For some reason which I cannot explain, you dip the spoon away from you (it's toward you with ice-cream, cereal, and everything except soup), and you eat the soup from the side of the spoon, not from the tip. When you finish, you lay your spoon on the saucer under your soup bowl, unless the soup was served to you in a shallow soup plate. In that case, you leave the spoon in the dish. You may sprinkle your soup with grated cheese, or sprinkle in a few *croustons* if these are brought in with your soup. But never break crackers into the soup. You don't blow on it, either, to make it cooler, and you don't tip the dish to get the last drop. Thin soups are drunk from the cup, but thick soups never are, not even when served in bowls with handles.

After the soup, you may or may not have a fish course. If you do, there will be a medium-sized knife and fork provided in your row of silver. The fish course is never a generous helping—just a taste, that's about all. Usually there is a tartare sauce on the plate beside the fish.

The main course will include some kind of meat, potatoes, and possibly one or two other vegetables. The vegetables will probably be served on your plate, not on side dishes, and you eat them with your dinner fork, *never with a spoon*.

You cut your meat as you are ready to eat it, not all in advance. The latter method may strike you as more efficient, but it's not good form.

Baked potatoes you eat from the shell. They may be slit open at the top when they are served to you. If not, you slit them yourself, put on a piece of butter with your butter spreader, and add salt and pepper to taste. Don't scoop the contents out on your plate, and proceed to mash and butter them painstakingly. The potato may taste better that way, but the custom is taboo. You may use your fork, however, to stir the butter into the potato in the shell.

Artichokes require fingers as well as forks. Pick off the leaves, one by one. Dip the tender part in a butter sauce, and eat only the tender part. The rest you put back on your plate. Finally you come to the heart, which is soft and delicious, and for that you use a fork.

Asparagus should be eaten with a fork. Some "experts" say that fingers are also permissible; but the practice certainly looks messy and has nothing to recommend it.

Rolls or biscuits are usually served with dinner. Break off a small piece, and butter it as you are ready to eat it. Small baking powder biscuits may be broken in half, and a piece of butter inserted while they are still hot enough to melt the butter. Bread, rolls, etc. are held in your fingers when buttering, not resting on the tablecloth, or plate, or laid out on the palm of your hand. Should there be jelly or preserves, use your butter spreader to put a bit on the roll or

biscuit. Or if you prefer your jelly with your meat, place it on your dinner plate and eat it with your fork.

As you know without my telling you, you must never spear a slice of bread, a roll or biscuit with your fork. You may see people do this, but don't follow their example.

If there are no bread and butter plates on the table, you place your roll on the tablecloth at the left of your plate. But *not* after you have buttered it. Butter only what you intend to eat at one mouthful. Then eat it—don't put it down on the cloth.

After the main course comes the salad. At least that is the conventional procedure. But you mustn't be surprised if salad is served to you *before* the main part of the dinner. Customs differ in different localities.

Another thing that may be new to some young diners-out is the salad knife. If there is a small knife left at your plate after the main course has been cleared away, it probably is a salad knife. You will find it extremely useful when eating head lettuce. Most other salads, however, can be managed nicely with just a salad fork.

When the salad course is finished, every-



IN A RESTAURANT ASK THE WAITER ABOUT TERMS THAT MAY PUZZLE YOU

thing is removed from the table except the center-piece, the candies, nuts, and glasses. The maid "crumbs" the table, and then brings in the dessert. Some hostesses serve dessert one way—some another. The only procedure for which you might possibly be unprepared is the double dessert service, which looks complicated, but really isn't when you understand it. This is how it goes:

The waitress brings you a china plate on which are placed: (1) a glass dessert plate; (2) a doily; (3) a finger bowl with a little water in it; (4) dessert silver. The spoon (or knife, as the case may be) is at the right of the finger bowl, the fork at the left.

Anyone, young or old, not familiar with this system, might well be bewildered at this array! But the idea is merely an efficient method for getting everything needed for the dessert service on the table at one time.

Your part is to clear the decks so that you will be ready for the dessert when it is passed or served to you. Therefore, you remove the silver, placing the fork at the left of your plate, and the spoon (or knife) at the right—the usual position for forks, knives and spoons. And you lift the finger bowl and doily, putting them down at the upper left-hand corner where your bread

and butter plate was earlier in the meal. Don't forget the doily. Sometimes a careless or uninformed guest does forget, greatly to the distress of the hostess who can only sit and quietly writhe while she sees a piece of chocolate pie, or strawberry shortcake, placed on a choice bit of lace or embroidery.

The china plate under the glass dessert plate that was given to you at the beginning of the dessert course is for a final course of crackers and cheese, or fruit. The waitress first removes the used dessert plate and silver, and then provides you with a fruit knife, or a knife for spreading the cheese.

When no second dessert course is to be served, instead of two plates at the beginning of the dessert course, you receive only one, bearing a doily, finger bowl, and silver.

Not only at dessert, but with your salad as I have already explained, you may be provided with an extra piece of silver which, at first thought, seems unnecessary. But very often two pieces are preferable to one. At dessert, for instance, you may be given a spoon and a fork, the spoon for the sauce or the juicy part, and the fork for the pudding or pastry shell. Or you may receive a fork and a spoon with a fruit compote, which contains certain pitted fruits, such as green-gage plums, peaches, cherries, or apricots. Naturally, you don't want to have to remove pits from your mouth, so you avoid this possibility by never putting them in, in the first place. The proper way is to use your fork in your left hand to hold the fruit while, with your right, you use your dessert spoon to cut the fruit away from the side of the stone, piece by piece, as you eat it. It's not hard to do, with a little practice.

The last ritual at dinner is using the finger bowl. You merely dip in the tips of your fingers, touching your lips with one moist finger, and using the napkin daintily in the drying process.

ASIDE from knowing what silver to use, and how things are served, there are some fundamentals of table etiquette that every teen-age girl should have learned years ago. But I sometimes see girls breaking these rules, and therefore I mention them, with apologies. The first is to keep one's mouth closed when chewing. The second is: eat slowly and quietly, no bolting of food, no noisy gulps. The third is: remembering to wipe one's mouth before taking a drink of water so as not to leave a greasy smear on the glass; and the fourth is about the handling of knives, forks and spoons.

Forks are held tines down when cutting, and tines up when eating. Spoons are never left standing in cups; and used silver is never put on the tablecloth. Neither should it be held in the hand and flourished about; or leaned against the plate to make an inclined plane. Spoons, when not in use, are placed on the saucer or plate under your cup or bowl. Knives and forks are put on your plate, the cutting edge of the knife toward the center of the plate, the tines of the fork turned upward. This is the position they should be in when you pass your plate to your host for a second helping.

Second helpings, by the way, are perfectly permissible at informal meals. Don't take them unless (Continued on page 42)



## LOVE *my* DOG!

has continued unbroken for seven and a half years. The Shepherd's fine, light brown eyes that pass indifferently over a strange face, hold a boundless devotion when lifted to her master's pleasant features.

Mr. Frank's manner is gentle and faintly ironic. One feels in him the drive of an immense ardor that a fine sense of balance controls to practical use. And, like Alice in Kansas City, he keeps his sense of humor working. With evident amusement, he told me of the first and only time he accepted an invitation to join a community parade with Buddy at his side. The thing simply

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

didn't work. Buddy had been trained to get her master from curb to curb with the least possible delay, and that was what she insisted on doing. Every time Mr. Frank ordered her out into the center of the street, she led away from the oncoming marchers. As a well-trained guide dog, she had no intention of letting her master be run down, parade or no parade!

While we talked, I was again aware of Buddy's luminous eyes. Shepherd dogs. . . . How happily named, I thought. For these dogs are, in truth, just that—good shepherds of the blind.

## TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

sharply-listed deck, they found that the state of affairs was not quite so bad as they had feared. The schooner, motionless, was lying quite peacefully on her side.

"I don't believe she's much hurt," Kit said. "Thank goodness it was sand and not rocks!"

"She's just beached herself," Jenks agreed, "as neat as you please. Half tide, isn't it? She'll very likely float off at flood."

"Well, at least we're safish!" Libby said. "We're done with that horrible business of floating around among the islands."

"Yes, we know where we are, anyway," Constance added.

"That's just what we *don't* know," Jenks said briskly. "Do you remember this beach, Kit? You've prowled in the *Bobby* enough to know every island in the bay."

Kit shook her head. "It doesn't look like any island I know," she said.

"Well, there may be a whole town back there in the fog," Jenks hazarded. "It may be mainland, for aught we know. Let's go ashore."

"How?" Constance wondered.

"If we drop off the bowsprit, I don't think the water's more than shoulder deep," Jenks told her. "We can wade. I'll try—and swim if it's deeper. By low tide she'll be high and dry."

Jenks disappeared below, emerged almost at once in her bathing-suit, and clambered out on to the bowsprit. Watched anxiously by the other three, she lowered herself to the bobstay and dropped off into the lazily foaming water that washed back and forth around the stranded schooner.

Her head went under for a moment, then she spluttered and stood up. "Just as I thought," she called. "Only up to my armpits. Come on, if you're coming."

The others were already running for their bathing-suits. Then even Constance, after a minute's hesitation, joined her cousins as they sidled out on to the bowsprit.

"The *Minnie* won't float off and leave us, will she?" Libby inquired apprehensively. "We still have a few things aboard her, such as a little *food*."

"Not so much," Kit said, "and mighty little water. That's one thing I'd like to find in this 'town' of Jenks's that might lie just behind the fog."

"She won't float off," Jenks assured Libby. "Never fear. The tide's got to go

out, all the rest of the way out. We can come aboard dryshod in a couple of hours. Come on, let's run! This weather's so-so clammy when you're in a wet bathing-suit."

So they ran through the cold, yielding gray sand, into the gray obscurity. Wiry grass whipped their bare legs; a rough scrub of beach-plum and bayberry bushes scratched them. The flat, sandy shoreline seemed to go on and on, curving gently away. Kit shook her head as she jogged along.

"I've never seen this place," she said. "It isn't Little Megumsic, as I thought it might be, and it isn't Bender Island, nor Winnaguset—"

"Nor Gull Rock, nor either of the Watchets," Jenks reflected. "Nope, we've sailed clean out of the immediat andirons of Piper's Island."

"Immediate *what*?" asked Constance.

"Scuse me—environs," said Jenks. "Just a favorite idiom of mine."

CONSTANCE had been wondering almost continuously how Jenks *could* be so unfailingly sportive during the dangers through which they had been passing, and in the face of yet more possibly to come. Looking back upon it, she realized that neither Kit nor Jenks had wept openly, nor shown any visible signs of terror as she had done. It simply couldn't be that they had felt none. Jenks might be a clown, but Kit wasn't—yet she, too, had added to the jokes and made light of every new peril. Constance turned it over in her mind as they trotted on through the cold sand, and began dimly to wonder if, perhaps, it might not be a privilege instead of a penance to share in what Aunt Minnie had called the "come-ups and go-downs" of Piper's Island.

"The worst is over," Jenks stated. "The fog's bound to go out before much longer, and then they're bound to find us—because, of course, they're looking for us by now, or trying to."

"They might not find us," Libby worried, "if we've gone so far. Nobody seems to recognize this queer place we're on."

"We can't be as far away as all that," Kit said. "Probably just beyond the range of our *Bobby* expeditions. When it clears, they'll surely see the *Minnie*'s masts sticking up. Though we may be fairly hungry by then."

"Say!" shouted Jenks. "There's the *Minnie* now! We've trotted clean around this little pancake! (Continued on page 42)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## ARE YOU THE OFFICER OF THE DAY?

WHEN Mother's away and you take over Kitchen Detail, call for another good scout—a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. In fact, you'll have *two* good scouts. For Fels-Naptha gives you *golden soap* and *lots of cleansing naphtha*, working together. The two of them will clean up that kitchen in no time at all. Be sure to report this to mother, too—Fels-Naptha washes clothes whiter—it banishes "tattle-tale gray."

## FELS-NAPTHA

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# ARE YOUR TABLE MANNERS GROWN-UP?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

you want them, however. But you don't need to refuse by saying, "I'm too full already"—which is a pretty dreadful expression, isn't it? "No, thank you," should be sufficient to convince your host or hostess, although sometimes they will keep urging you anyway.

As for accidents at the table, it is wise not to make an undue fuss. If you upset a glass, say, "Oh, I'm so sorry! I hope you will forgive me," and then refrain from further apologies. Should you drop a spoon or something on the floor, let it stay there. Your hostess will see that you get another, and there will be less confusion if you sit quietly instead of trying to effect a rescue from under the table.

Nervous mannerisms, such as fidgeting with your glass or silver, are important things to overcome. Learn to keep your hands in your lap when you aren't eating, elbows off the table. Leaning on them is not only questionable taste, but it spoils your elbows into the bargain.

Napkins, except small ones, are never completely unfolded. Half unfolded is usually sufficient—or two-thirds, should the napkins be folded in thirds. Lay your napkin across your lap, not tucked in anywhere.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Nothing but sand and wire-grass all the way."

"No town," Libby sighed.

"Definitely isn't mainland," Kit said.

"Tisn't even much of an island," Jenks remarked. "Not more than big enough for a gull to wipe its feet on. Well, here we are, and here we stay. We'll have to ration our grub, and pray for a shift of wind to take the fog out."

"I vote we go aboard again," Kit proposed. "It's only knee deep, now. We might have a bite of said grub. Personally, having been very much awake since four A.M., I think a watch below is what I need."

Jenks began to yawn, merely thinking of it.

"It was four o'clock this very morning, wasn't it?" Constance spoke wonderingly. "It seems years."

They splashed back across the shallows to the *Minnie B.*, pitifully lying farther over on her beam-ends than when they had left her.

"I hope, for Cap'n Abel's sake, that she's resting easy," Jenks said. "She's as comfortable as can be expected, I guess; and anyway, we can't do a thing about it."

"Poor Cap'n Abel!" Libby said.

"Poor Mother!" Kit added. "I wonder when she found out. They must know by now, I suppose."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jenks. "I haven't had time to think about my mother. I have a mother, haven't I?"

"You did, the last thing I knew," Kit said. "Of course, she may have succumbed to anxiety by this time."

"Not she," Jenks assured them. They were aboard now, and gratefully getting into their dry clothes. "Not she! How could anybody worry about a thing like me? She gave it up long ago, because I invariably

When you are a guest at anyone's table, your hostess is your guide. Wait for her to begin, and don't get up from the table until she rises.

In a public place, you may ask the waiter about terms on the *menu* which you do not understand. Do it quietly and don't feel apologetic. Even experienced diners-out ask questions now and then.

## Some Terms on the Menu

*A la carte* (by the card), meaning that each dish is paid for at a specified price. The opposite of *table d'hôte*.

*Au beurre*, cooked in butter.

*A la mode*, served in some special manner; i. e., *pie à la mode* is pie with ice cream.

*Sur pain grillé*, served on toast.

*Bar-le-Duc*, currant jelly, a special variety.

*Biscuit tortoni*, ice cream with a coating of powdered macaroons, served in tiny paper cups. Also called *biscuit glacé*.

*Bisque*, a thick cream soup.

*Café au lait*, coffee with milk.

*Consommé*, clear soup, served in cups with handles.

*Coupe*, a frozen dessert.

*Crème glacée*, ice cream.

*Croustons*, small cubes of toasted bread, served as an accompaniment to soup.

*En brochette*, meat broiled on a skewer.

*Filet*, thin piece of fish or meat, usually fried.

*Filet Mignon*, a slice of broiled beef tenderloin.

*Frappé*, a water ice.

*Galantine*, boned meat, chicken or veal usually, served in gelatine.

*Jardinière*, mixture of vegetables, usually in cream sauce.

*Macédoine*, a combination of vegetables or fruits.

*Mousse*, usually a frozen dessert of whipped cream and fresh fruit.

*Pauvê*, breaded.

*Parfait*, a frozen dessert, usually served in tall glasses.

*Pâté de foie gras*, goose liver paste, frequently used as a spread for canapés.

*Petits fours*, little cakes.

*Petits pois*, little peas.

*Pilau*, some combination of rice and meat.

*Potage*, soup.

*Purée*, a thick soup, made of strained vegetables.

*Ragoût*, a meat stew.

*Sauté*, browned in butter.

*Soufflé*, a baked dish, like a custard only very much lighter.

*Table d'hôte*, a term used to designate a complete meal served at a fixed price.

*Tutti-Frutti*, a fruit mixture.

# TROUBLED WATERS

turned up all right, with a swell reason for whatever it was—and she finally got tired of wasting all that good worry."

"Anyway, Connie," Libby added, "your mother isn't worrying. That's one good thing."

"Perhaps she senses something, wherever she is," Constance ventured wistfully.

"Piff!" cried Jenks. "Do you believe in that kind of rubbish? She's doubtless enjoying a wonderful dinner in one of those marvelous Paris restaurants, happily supposing that you're playing in the sand with your little cousins on Piper's Island. Ah!"

Jenks sighed, "a French dinner! Lemme see—a little *hors-d'œuvre*, some nice little salty bit of something unidentified—and then lobster bisque, and . . . um, *filet mignon* with asparagus hollandaise—and mushrooms—*salade*—and, er—"

"Will you cut it out?" Kit cried. "I'm about to open the last can of beans."

"Beans?" said Jenks with a jerk. "You don't mean to tell me we're going to have beans? We've had beans."

"We have, had, have had, and shall have had beans," Kit assured her. "I told you your imagination didn't carry you very far that day we shopped in Todd's Hole."

"Todd's Hole?" said Jenks. "Where's that?"

"Do shut up," said Kit. "I'm tired of you, for once."

Not at all crushed, Jenks sauntered off. Lightened of the really great strain she had been under, her irrepressible spirits had bounced up even higher than usual. Because they were no longer drifting at the tide's will, in perilous channels, she seemed to consider that the dreadful adventure was safely at an end. Kit could not quite share her feeling.

Because of the angle at which the *Minnie B.* lay, it was found to be impossible to light the galley stove. So the beans must be eaten cold—a fact of which Jenks was not yet aware. Indeed, all activity aboard the schooner went forward with some difficulty, as all the levels and angles were wrong. Libby, transporting two mugs of the precious remaining water, fell over the unexpected slope of the galley bulkhead, and a pitifully small puddle marked the scene of the tragedy.

"Sorry," said Kit, frowning. "Not enough to spare."

"Well, don't cry," Jenks advised. "We don't need salt water. Plenty of that already."

"I don't need to drink any," Constance spoke up suddenly. "I'm hardly ever thirsty."

Jenks turned a frankly surprised grin of admiration upon her, and Kit said:

"We've still got a little—and several cans of wettish stuff, like pineapple and tomatoes. So buck up, Lib."

Libby bucked, and supper tasted remarkably good after all. But, somehow, it was again a rather silent meal. While active danger and shifting peril had been all around, excitement had kept the four strung up to a high note of effort and forced gaiety; talk had been easier and more spontaneous. This new turn in the adventure, this dumb waiting—waiting and hoping that the fog would not last longer than the provisions—dulled tired nerves and lowered spirits that were more exhausted than any one suspected. Jenks yawned again.

"I don't care if it is only six-thirty," she said, "I'm turning in. My schedule's all crooked. Maybe a few extra hours' snoring will straighten it out."

"Shall we let you know if the *Minnie B.*

floats off at high tide?" Libby asked her. "She won't," said Jenks. "Anyway, you'll be asleep, too."

Though they were a little loth to follow Jenks's example in everything, they were so overcome by sleep immediately after her departure that they tumbled in, one after the other, and in five minutes the *Minnie B.* was to all appearances a derelict, void of all human life, stranded silently there upon the little, unknown islet.

IT was barely half-past eight when Kit came awake with a start. She could not have told what it was that had waked her, but she was conscious of a freshness, a clean sweetness of air, a dim luminance that filled even the stuffy little cabin. Kit slipped from her tilted bunk and quietly put her head out at the companionway. A clean southwest wind was blowing merrily; every shred of fog had gone out before it with the swift fickleness of such weather—and in the whiteness of moonlight, their little island showed plainly, with pale foam encircling its dim beaches. Kit inadvertently knocked against the hatch, and woke Jenks.

"What are you banging around for?" she muttered. "Can't you settle down even when we're aground?"

"Wind's hauled," Kit whispered. "Fog's gone out."

Jenks was beside her in two jumps. "By the great horn spoon!" she hissed. "I'll say it has! Now maybe we can see something useful. Have you spotted a lighthouse or anything?"

"Haven't looked around," Kit said. "Just stuck my head out."

Jenks had pulled on her sneakers and was clambering to the deck. Constance and Libby, reluctantly rousing from their first deep slumber, sat up, tranced by the moonlight flooding down the hatch. They, too, must come up and see the miracle of clear skies and the stars a-shining.

"I don't see much that helps," said Jenks, snuffing the air, "though it's pleasant to know that there *is* a moon. I'm going aloft to see if I can spy Watchet Light. That'd give us our bearings, anyhow."

"What more do you need than the North Star?" inquired Kit who was studying the scattering of larger stars the moonlight left visible.

"The North Star's all very well to give us the points of the compass," said Jenks, her foot on the ratlines, "but it doesn't do anything as definite as a lighthouse. If we can see Watchet, we can dope out more or less where our happy home lies from here."

"Will that be so very comforting?" Constance wondered sleepily.

"It'll be interesting," said Jenks, halfway up the shrouds.

She climbed to the main crosstrees where they could see her, a shadowy pale figure, clinging to the slanted mast. She stood there so long and—for Jenks—so quietly, that Kit presently hailed her.

"Well, what are you spying? You must be able to see the whole Atlantic Ocean from up there."

"Perhaps she's afraid to come down," Constance guessed. "It looks awfully giddy up there, to me."

"Not Jenks," said Libby.

But Jenks was at that moment descending—swiftly, and still silently. She came down like a shadow, hand over hand.

"Well, did you (Continued on page 45)



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## DRESSING A GIRL SCOUT DOLL ~

*A suggestion for your Christmas Gift to Little Sister, or for an unusual Girl Scout Week exhibition booth*

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

stitch so that it is very fine for these and for the belt and cuffs.

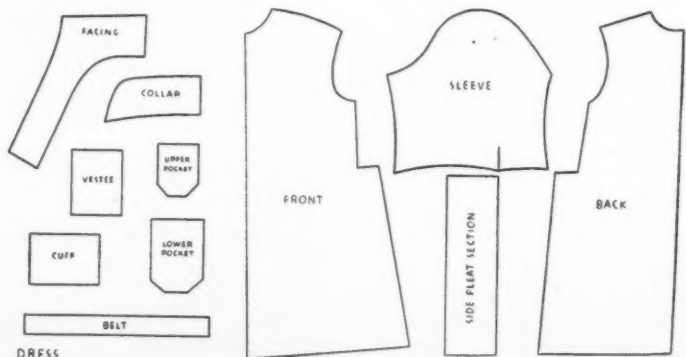
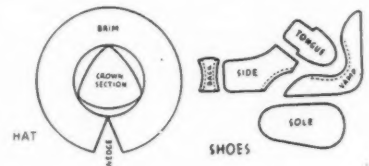
The hat brim is a circle with a wedge taken out of the back to give it shape. In cutting the crown pieces, round the sides—otherwise they will tend to form a peak when stitched. Four crown pieces will be found to be more manageable than five. If the material is fairly heavy, no stiffening will be necessary for the brim as the rows of stitching will give it sufficient body. To stitch, start from the outer edge, using the small side of the presser foot as a guide, and stitch around and around.

For the shoes and stockings, mark around the doll's foot, or around her old shoes, for the sole of the shoe; and measure around the sole to determine the measurements of the vamp, side pieces, and heel piece where these join the sole. Measure the foot for the depth of these, and the tongue. Allow about three-sixteenths of an inch for the lapped seams. In making, stitch the heel pieces to the sides first, and then join the sides and vamp and tongue. Glue the top to an inner sole of thin cardboard, and then glue on the outer sole. Fit the stocking around the doll's leg and foot, and stitch up on the machine. Join the cuff so that the seam will be right side out when the cuff is turned, and stretch the seam as you stitch, so that the stocking will pull on and off easily.

**ANYTHING** might happen! That is, it might—if you take a little imagination, a scrap of material, a pair of shears, and cut and sew a few seams. You can turn an Alice-in-Wonderland doll into a Girl Scout just like that!

This is how Alice became a Girl Scout. First a dress was cut out of light-weight official Girl Scout cloth and sewed up, then shoes were made out of a bit of permatex, a material resembling leather and obtainable in drapery departments. (Or you might use leather from the tops of old gloves.) Socks were made from the tops of a pair of stockings, and the finishing touch was a hat of the dress material.

The pattern pieces are shown here, but no measurements are given because your doll will probably be a different size from Alice. A study of these pieces, however, will help you to dress a Girl Scout doll. For the dress, measure the doll from the neck to the distance you want the hem to come, across the chest, back and front, the shoulder width, and the length of the arm for the sleeve. Cut the pattern pieces accordingly, allowing an inch or so across the front chest for fullness, and about one quarter of an inch for all seams. If you cut the side pleat sections exactly the same width as the combined extensions on the sides of the back and front, the pleats will fall into place and hang well. Stitch the pockets on before you sew up the side seams, and be sure to adjust the machine



## TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

see Watchet?" Kit asked when she was down. "No, I didn't," Jenks told them in a curiously hushed voice. "I was too busy seeing something else. I saw our little isle laid like a doily in the sea, with white lace all round the edges—"

"Very pretty, to be sure," murmured Kit. "Sst!" hissed Jenks. "In the middle of it there's a dimple—and down in that hollow, so you don't see it from water level—there's a light."

"A what?" said three voices together. "A light. I give you my word of honor. Go aloft yourselves, if you don't believe me. A light—like a window. That means a house, and people, and food and drink. Come on!"

"Come on where?" Kit demanded. "Come on ashore! Tide's just on the turn—we can drop off dry-footed. I'm thirsty and, to tell the truth, I'm curious."

"Hold on, Jenks," said Kit. "It might be a hideout."

"What'd anybody be hiding out around here for?" Jenks scoffed.

"Rum-runners," Kit suggested. "Repeal hasn't done away with them."

"Or a real pirate," Libby put in.

"Oh, don't!" Constance begged.

"Pish-tush!" said Jenks. "It's somebody's fishing lodge, or duck camp. We don't even know where we are. And it's only eight-thirty, though we do feel as if it were the middle of the night. I'm going, anyway."

She was climbing out on to the bobstay as she spoke. Kit certainly wasn't going to have her go alone, so she grudgingly followed. Constance and Libby, suddenly realizing that they were about to be left on a

stranded schooner, made as ghostly by moonlight as by fog, scuttled after the others. So that, the next minute, the four were stepping side by side along the beach, their strange dark shadows shifting before them across the pale sand.

"It's right smack in the middle of the island," Jenks told them in a low voice. "We'll have to cut in, cross country."

They did so, swishing through beach grass and the low scrub of bushes.

"For heaven's sake, go softly," counseled Kit. "I don't half like this."

"I hate it," confided Constance.

Jenks, a few paces ahead, suddenly said, "Hsst!" and they all stopped with a jerk. Libby was sure her heart made so much noise that it echoed all over the island. At their feet lay the hidden hollow in the dunes, and at the bottom of the hollow was a hut—a small portable house, with lamp-light shining cheerfully from its end window.

"Let's not go on," whispered Constance. "You don't know what kind of queer people they might be."

"We don't have queer people around here," Jenks said softly. "We have good hospitable folks that love to give shipwrecked mariners pieces of pie."

"Please be careful!" Libby moaned, for Jenks was stepping quietly down the side of the dune—and Kit followed her. Motioning for complete silence, they tiptoed up to the window, and there crouched, peeping in above the sill.

Two men sat at a small table, with an oil lamp between them. They were eating what seemed to be a rather belated supper, and the man whose back was towards the win-

dow where they knelt was talking loudly.

"I guess that'll be 'bout the last o' the boy," he said with some satisfaction, spearing another piece of meat. "I dunno as I reely meant to lose his gear on him—but anyway, 'twill save him a lot o' time mendin', if he ain't got nawthin' to mend."

This witticism caused the other man—a brawny, red-faced fellow—to guffaw with appreciation. Jenks gripped Kit's arm so hard that it hurt.

"Yas," the first speaker went on, as if he were repeating for his own pleasure things that had already been said, "Yas, that'd oughter knock him plumb out—fer this season, anyhow, what with Paw Longman bein' laid up, an' all. Kinda git 'em one by one, an' it leaves the field not quite so crowded up, hey?"

It may have been a slight sound—or that sensation one has when he is watched, that made the man turn suddenly, scowling, towards the window. The breathless watchers ducked in time, lying flat on the cold sand, till they heard the talk and clatter of dishes go on again inside. But they had heard all they needed, or wanted, to hear—and in the moment when the man turned, Kit had seen his face in the lamplight. To her utter amazement, she recognized it as a face she had known all her life.

*Whose face did the flickering lamplight reveal to Kit's startled recognition? What had this man to do with Bill Longman and the fish war? Were the girls able to escape before their presence was detected? Read the last installment in the December issue.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

## PAGEANT at BUFFALO FORKS

imploring eyes. "Em, they've taken it from me. What can I do? I'm all befuddled in my head—and my knees are weak under me."

Em's own face twisted with a sob. "I don't know, Shane."

Kip said, "There's a chance we might find the tramp trekking out of town—maybe trying to get a ride. Come on, and we'll look around." He took the old man's arm, helped him into the covered wagon with Pinto Jones and his hulk of a saddle, with the four homesteader children and the dog. He and Em climbed in, and the old vehicle rattled down the street to the railroad where hoboes were apt to watch for freights.

But the place was deserted. Now that the rattle of the wagon was silenced, they could hear a band playing. The oldest of the homesteader children cried, "We've got to hurry! They're starting already!"

The little Irishman was like a man in a fog of despair. Even as Kip slapped the reins over the backs of the Flying Crow horses and sent the covered wagon lurching and rattling toward the grove, and the children tumbled and shrieked in glee, Shane muttered over and over, "A black fate hangs over me! A black fate!"

At the grove the whole town of Buffalo Forks had assembled. On a throne seat sat Aline, the goddess of the West, dressed in yellow flowing robes. Ripe wheat was sheathed behind her, and a realistic-looking cow's head was mounted on the back of the

high seat. Gold-mining equipment was scattered at her feet.

The covered wagon drove to within ten feet of the platform, according to orders. Kip O'Malley nervously pulled the horses to such a sudden halt that the small Emmeline tumbled forward on her nose, and Em had much ado to silence her so that her wails wouldn't drown out the voice of the postmaster's wife.

"Here is the goddess of the West,  
"Serene, most beautiful, and welcoming to all—"

declaimed the lady poet who stood, almost hidden by pine branches, at one side of the throne chair.

Em held the whimpering child close, promised her everything from a lollipop to a baby rabbit if she'd stop crying. "Hush, honey! Look at the girls dancing!"

The Prairie Winds in waving robes of green and gray and yellow were flitting about the wooden platform,

"The breezes that blow o'er our plain,  
"Bring refreshment to heart and soul—"

"It's almost time for us," Em whispered. "Come on, everyone!" She looked back sorrowfully at the old man. It would take more than prairie breezes to bring refreshment to his heart and soul.

Already some oldtime prospectors, pickaxes over shoulders and leading burros, were

taking their cue and starting to walk on.

"The cowboys are next," Em prodded Pinto. "Then the pioneers."

"I hear the thud of galloping hoofs—"

At this, Pinto staggered onto the platform, carrying the unwieldy saddle.

"And against the horizon the covered wagons move—"

Em gathered up her skirts and her family. Kip, in his heavy boots, took her arm. Wild clapping greeted their entry, and one of the Prairie Breezes whispered, "Gee, Em, you look as pioneerish as though you'd stepped off the Kit Carson monument."

For the sunbonnet had slipped to the back of Em's head, and her face reflected the heaviness of her heart over the man left in the covered wagon. The homesteader children, filled with stagefright, shrunk close to her as did their lean rabbit-hunting dog, while the smallest clung tightly around her neck.

The enthusiastic clapping died down. The orchestra played a doleful air, and across the platform came one who hoped to prove the most convincing actor of them all.

"And you, oh, wayworn farer,  
"You who have brought your sad heart here,  
"You will find happiness—aye, and friends!"

Both Em and Kip stood staring at the figure, speechless. Only Pinto muttered his "My grandmother's (Continued on page 47)"

# A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



## About People You Know

BETHESDA, MAINE: I feel that I must write you immediately, and tell you how much I enjoyed the September *AMERICAN GIRL*. The stories of the F. A. D.'s are fascinating, as the Bushy and Lofty Ryder stories are, also. I enjoy stories of this type that are finished in one issue, yet are about a group of people that you have already met, and that you feel you know.

The stories about Nantucket are simply grand, and *Troubled Waters* is the best serial yet. The reason I am so crazy about it is that it reminds me of the good times we had on the Mariner cruise this summer. The description of the *Minnie B.* suits our two masted schooner to a T!

I could hardly finish without saying how very helpful are the series of articles about etiquette and good looks. Do continue them as long as there is anything more to say about the subjects.

I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost five years and have never liked it better than I do now. Lots of luck to you in keeping up the good work!

Alice Kerr

## Running High

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE: My mother thinks that my English "ain't fit enough to be put in print"—but I will say, nevertheless, that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is excruciatingly good.

I think that September's issue had some extra fine stories. I always enjoy *In Step With the Times*. *Laugh and Grow Scout* is good, and some day I shall send a joke if a really funny one can be found. The etiquette series is helpful, and *A Penny For Your Thoughts* is a good way to get acquainted with other girls.

My English is running low, but *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is running high!

Elizabeth Bryant

## Frances Wants to Design Dresses

TOLEDO, OHIO: The September issue of my *AMERICAN GIRL* arrived, and now I have read every article and story. I liked *Call It Luck* best, I think, because I want to become a dress designer when I grow up. Although I don't play with dolls the way Sue did, I play with paper dolls. I draw all my styles.

Now back to the stories! They were all exceptionally good this month and I liked them each for a different reason. *Troubled Waters* is grand! We have a cottage on an island in Lake Erie. It is a wild place, but we don't do quite the wild things Kit and Libby and Jenks did. Constance reminds me of a few of my friends who have visited me

there—only, again, not to such an extreme.

I enjoy all the articles, and try to follow the advice of all the beauty writers.

All in all, it's a grand magazine and I vote for it to be my best friend for life.

Frances Williams

## Good Friend and Good Scout

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS: I certainly am glad to see Kip and Em back again! *The Knave of Hearts* was a grand story, as Lenora Mattingly Weber's stories always are. *The Heedless Haydens* was the best serial since *Keeper of the Wolves*, in my opinion.

*Animal Actors on the Screen* was an awfully interesting article. I feel personally acquainted with Leo, and Malibu, and Gato.

*Call It Luck* was good, too. The F. A. D.'s are certainly making a hit in our magazine. But my favorites right now are the stories about the Nantucket group. All the characters are so real in those stories that you feel as if you know them personally.

My compliments, too, to Helen Ferris. I always look for the book page first, and she certainly makes it interesting.

I think I liked the picture this month in the Art series best of all. The girl looks as if she would be a good friend and a good Scout. Let's have more Ruth King illustrations—they're so natural; and it's fun finding Jean and Joan waiting for you as soon as you open your magazine.

Mary Hansen

## A Puppet Show

BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI: My September *AMERICAN GIRL* came to-day and as I was looking through it, an article by Anne Frances Hodgkins caught my eye. I read it and found it was about basket-ball, my favorite sport.

I'm a first class Girl Scout so, naturally, I'm interested in any article pertaining to Scout work.

The serial, *The Heedless Haydens*, was swell, but I think *Troubled Waters* promises to be even better. You have a lot of good stories.

About two months ago an article came out in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, telling how to make a puppet show. Well, some of my friends made one. The play was *Jack and the Bean Stalk*. It was very clever, and they intend to give it at the Fair this fall.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* is very welcome at my home—every one in the family reads it.

Margaret Anne Ball

## Sis Takes a Hand

ALMIRA, WASHINGTON: I like every story and article in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* so well that I can't pick a favorite. Every month there is a scramble and wrestling match between my sister and me to see who gets the magazine first. Sometimes Mother joins in. Even Dad enjoys the magazine, especially the International number.

*Troubled Waters* is a keen story (as most of them are). I enjoy the *Flying Crow* stories very much. *The Knave of Hearts* was swell. When Mother finished reading it I asked her how she liked it. She said it was grand.

The F. A. D. stories are so interesting. I liked *Call It Luck* better than any of them because I am interested in the same things that Susan was. I liked *A Song in the Fog*, too. The girls and boys in those stories seem so real.

Now, to get down to the articles, all of them are grand, especially *Animal Actors on the Screen*, *As the Twig is Bent*, all of the etiquette articles, and all of the cooking articles.

Sis wants me to let her write something for herself, so here goes!

Laura Childers

## FROM SIS

"*The Knave of Hearts*" was a swell story. I like all the *Flying Crow* stories, and I always wish there were more of them. "*Call It Luck*" was keen, too. The F. A. D. stories seem so real. "*A Song in the Fog*" was great, like all the other Nantucket stories. "*Troubled Waters*" is getting better all the time. I always want to read more of it when I finish a part. The article "*Animal Actors on the Screen*" was keen.

## The Cheer Leader

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: The article, *Animal Actors on the Screen*, was splendid and terrifically interesting. *As the Twig is Bent* gave me an entirely new view on school athletics, and the series of beauty and health articles stimulates me a lot. I profit by them because, whenever an *AMERICAN GIRL* comes, I go off into a fit of washing my face, cleaning my shoes, or sitting erect.

*Troubled Waters* is a splendid serial. I think Jenks is crazy, but I admire Kit and Libby Hamilton. They are such all-round sports. I think the *Knave of Hearts* could have been improved, however, by having a little more point.

Waiting anxiously for the next issue, I am the cheer leader for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*,

Marilyn Rankin



# PAGEANT at BUFFALO FORKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

bustle!" For the actor supreme had dressed the part this time. He was wearing a patched coat, dusty and torn at the shoulder.

Em was still staring unbelievably when Kip O'Malley muttered, under his false mustache, "Just wait till he gets within grabbing distance. Old Shane can still make his train."

Pinto edged closer, with an ominous gleam in his eye. "I claim the pleasure of shakin' him out of that coat."

"No, no, you mustn't do anything like that," admonished Em. "You mustn't spoil the whole show."

"You mean we can't use violence? Have a heart!" begged Pinto.

The voice of the lady poet was declaring dramatically,

*"For here in the West, friends are friends,  
"Generous friends with helping hands—"*

The words seemed to please Pinto. "Generous friends with helping hands." His face lighted with sudden inspiration, and he stepped forward briskly.

Unconscious of approaching doom, the wayworn traveler stumbled, and Pinto helped him ostentatiously to his feet. He pulled off the ragged coat of the beggar. Then

he took off his own buckskin vest and held it out to Windy. A great roar of applause sounded.

Windy Lathrop hissed, "Are you trying to ruin my act?"

"I'll ruin your whole countenance, if you don't put this on," Pinto muttered grimly under his breath, and shoved the vest onto Windy's shoulders.

More clapping from a delighted audience; another out-pouring of Prairie Breezes, dancing a dance of happiness and triumph. This was the grand finale. Under cover of it, Em took the patched coat from Pinto's hands. "They're clapping for you," she told him. "Go back and make a bow."

She herself went hurrying toward the covered wagon. Shane McGary was just climbing down from the wagon seat. "I couldn't believe my eyes," he was muttering.

Again the covered wagon made a record-breaking dash down the main street of the deserted town of Buffalo Forks—this time with Em handling the reins—and out to the little truck patch at the edge of town for a suitcase in which Shane said he had a comb, a brush, a doll for his Mary Nate, and a "respectable-enough coat" to wear when he reached the city. And finally Shane McGary, trembling with happiness, was helped

on board the six-forty train for New York.

As Em waved him a farewell, Kip O'Malley came limping down the path to the station, and with him trailed the homesteader children. "Hey, you family deserter! We don't shake that easy. It seems you made your youngest a lot of promises."

Em laughed happily, and picked up Emmeline. "That's right, I did. Let's go back to the grove and eat supper and dance."

"Not just yet," said Kip. "I'm going to change my boots—these hobnails have about ruined my disposition."

"Was Windy voted to escort the goddess of the West off her throne and lead the grand march with her tonight?" Em asked. "I've been so busy getting Shane to the station, I haven't heard how the pageant turned out."

"Pinto was voted that honor. I heard him telling Windy to pair off with one of the Breezes—that that was more in his line."

"You were just about as good as Pinto," Em smiled. "What with your mustache, and family, and dog! You ought to have the second dance with the goddess of the West."

Kip regarded her thoughtfully. "I'm changing my boots," he said. "And then I've got the first, second, and third dances with a goddess in blue calico."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

## HERO STUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

she passed him, going out, and whispered: "I've told him those things over and over, but he wouldn't believe me. You ought to take up coaching, young lady."

She hardly heard him. She rode back to the gym and danced in the blue chiffon with Pete, and then with somebody else, not really knowing what she was doing. A small outside part of her smiled, laughed, talked about this and that, while deep inside, most of her turned that problem over and over. What *was* this hero stuff, what was it *good* for, if trying for it wrecked you?

NEXT morning Bill's name was not in the line-up. Pete reported that he was fit as a fiddle, kidding the whole squad and keeping them pepped up. "Not a care in the world," Pete said.

Wanda didn't want to go to that game, but she was a cheer leader and must go. She felt like a traitor, going, but it would be worse to stay away. She vowed she didn't care that the team hadn't lost a game in two years, or been scored on this season; that Frisky had built up a little up-State organization, which nobody but its graduates had ever heard of, into a powerful machine now known all over the East as "Unbeatables." The big handicap that reputation imposed couldn't, she said, worry her any more. Nor was she troubled by the fact that the newspapers gave the odds to State, Morton's traditional season's-end rival for nearly half a century; and that the State team had everything—weight, speed, brains. The possible effect of taking Bill out of the line-up didn't, she told herself resolutely, concern her.

A great day for football. Firm but frostless turf, no wind to speak of, the air keen without the bitterness that makes accurate passing difficult, and a sun dimmed by

autumn haze. Thirty thousand people had decided that it wouldn't rain, and had worn their best. The great stone stadium blossomed with colors again, buzzed with expectancy. The State cheer, sharp and confident, rose and flapped like a banner. In sudden deep silence the whistle shrilled; and Monty Reed's foot sent a new ball high and deep into State territory.

It was plain at once that the papers knew what they were talking about. Taking that ball on their twenty-yard line, without a sign of nervousness, State went into action. Three yards, two yards, seven yards, four yards; a line buck, an off-tackle slant, an end run, another buck—simple plays with no deception, but timed to the nick, and worked by eleven men playing as one. In eight of them they had crossed mid-field; and then the State quarter opened up with a bullet-like pass that caught the secondaries flat-footed, and put the ball on Morton's thirty-six yard line. Back to earth they went, plugging off the yards—two—five—four.

Under their very goal posts in the first five minutes, before loyal thousands gone dumb with dismay, the Unbeatables dug in their toes and held. They smashed down a pass; they smothered two bucks; they smeared a try for a drop-kick and took the ball; and Monty sent it spiralling out of danger.

Wanda hunched in the straw with the three other leaders at mid-field, directly in front of the substitutes' dugout. She seemed to be in a dream in which nothing mattered. She jumped at the word, grabbed her megaphone, went through her paces without a hitch. She felt herself pounded on the back when Morton held, knew she was pounding somebody else when that punt brought temporary relief. But all the time she was telling herself over and over, "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter a hoot." And all

the time she seemed to feel Bill's eyes on her back, as if questioning.

He was on the end of the line, just behind her, swathed in his hooded parka. She had caught his eye when, with the others, he romped in after warming up. White-faced, grinning steadily, he had winked at her and passed. "Wha' do we care?" she thought the wink said.

Frisky was walking up and down the sidelines in his battered felt hat and bearskin coat, keen as a hawk and as silent. He never gave a sign of trouble, but Wanda knew what he would be thinking. Nat Erskine, who had replaced Bill, was a good man. But there is something about eleven men who have worked together that can't be duplicated. Something was missing, the feel of a unit.

*"Hold 'em, Mo-o-orton . . .  
"Hold 'em, ho-o-o-old 'em!"*

And there was State knocking at the door again. On the thirty, on the twenty-five. . . That shadowy short pass flickered, half the stadium groaned; and there they were on the fifteen, dead in front of the posts, first down.

A line buck failed. A pass was grounded. Could they be turned back again? Morton guessed another pass, but the State quarter outguessed them. He feinted, then bent as his leg swung. End-over-end from his toe the ball floated clear, over the bar, between the uprights. Pandemonium broke on the State side as the big board read Morton 0, Visitors 3.

Wanda whispered through her teeth, "I don't care, I don't care." She saw Frisky's back straighten as if consciously, under a load. She knew Bill's eyes were on her. She scrambled up with the others to lead a defiant cheer. *Team . . . Team . . . Team!*

Clearly, State was (Continued on page 48)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

not yet through. They wanted a touchdown to make things sure before they dug in. But ten men and Nat Erskine were seeing red now. They held for downs on the thirty; they ran it out again almost from their goal line; they hung on to the ball and pushed that State team back across mid-field. It was the greatest defensive surge that many there had ever seen.

The quarter had passed long since. Now the half was over, and the bands paraded; everybody stood up. Wanda felt better, somehow, when the squad ran off to the field house. But when they returned, she knew Bill was on the end of the bench again; knew without looking that his face was white and still smiling.

The kick-off, and renewed tension. Frisky pacing up and down. Those teams at grips again, the one determined to score, the other equally set to prevent it. A deadlock, a seesaw, each waiting doggedly for the other to break, no matter how minutely. Not a single substitution. . . . The third quarter ended, the fourth began. The papers would rave tomorrow about that kicking duel, the solid protection, the ends plunging and nailing their man. Wanda's hands were gripped tight to her sides. Her mouth was dry, her eyes felt stretched. Minutes of that last quarter ticked away; ten left, then nine . . .

She couldn't stand it any longer. She turned and looked at Bill.

He was looking straight at her, *not* smiling. But his eyes shone with a strange light. Unnoticed in the din around them, his mouth opened and carefully formed three words, "Do—you—care?"

"Yes!" she screamed, not knowing she had spoken, or minding if anyone heard.

Bill did the unforgivable. He leaped off that bench, vaulted the fence, and plucked at Frisky's sleeve. The coach turned his head, took one look at him with his eyebrow cocked. Then Frisky's face broke. With one hand he yanked the parka over Bill's head, with the other thumped him into the game.

The clock read six minutes to play.

As Bill went in, Morton had the ball,

## HERO STUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

first down, on her own thirty. They couldn't afford to kick at once. To pass would be reckless. It was buck or run, and hang on to the ball. They bucked, made nothing. They ran wide, and a State secondary evaded the interferer and nailed Bill seven yards behind the scrimmage line. Third down now, and seventeen to go. Have to kick. But a red shirt leaped, a State linesman's big hand slapped at Monty's punt before it got off. Rib Potter, thank heaven, dropped on the ball. . . . But somebody in blue had been offside; the referee paced off five and plunked the ball down on Morton's eighteen-yard line. Fourth down and twenty-two. Hopeless.

The clock read two minutes. Half the stadium sighed in resignation. Bedlam broke across the field. "Block it, State!"

With raised hand the umpire pleaded for quiet. In the tense hush, Wanda heard:

"Thirteen . . . four . . . shift . . . twenty-seven . . . two."

Her heart leaped. The ball came back, breast high, to Monty. But it wasn't a kick! Monty and Bill were scudding for the side of the field. A State end met them, dived . . . and the ball slipped over his head into Bill's arms. Bill stopped in his tracks as if uncertain. His arm snapped back, and the ball flew diagonally across the milling teams—to Rib Potter, standing almost alone.

Wanda didn't follow it; her gaze clung to Bill. She remembered now what he must do. She was up on her knees, rubbing her hands together. Bill was heading for the State left wing-back, set for his block to let Johnny Ames into the clear. But the State man waited, dodged Bill's lunge, and hit Johnny hard. They went down together.

Wanda cried out. Almost everybody thought the play was going over, but she knew it had failed. Bill had missed his block after all. She didn't mind losing the game so much; it was his bitter disappointment she was—What was Bill doing? He was running! *But he wasn't supposed to run!*

Far across the field, Rib Potter was getting ready to pass. He had plenty of time, but

struggling players blocked his view of the receiver. That couldn't be helped; he knew the spot, he'd put the ball over it and trust Johnny to be there. He drew his arm back as two State men swooped.

But Johnny Ames was still on the ground!

And Bill Thorne was running as nobody had seen a man on a football field run before.

From Rib's fingers the ball lobbed high and long as a punt. It floated above the dazed scrimmage. Bill was still running. It sailed over the State safety's head. Bill was converging on its course. It began to drop. Bill looked up. Incredible that he could get there. The ball was dropping fast. In that instant he seemed to fly to meet that small descending shadow. And he half turned, raised his arms and gathered it in without breaking stride. There was no one within twenty yards of him, and he crossed the State goal line standing up and alone. The stadium rocked and thundered.

Morton 6, Visitors 3.

Monty kicked in the extra point, just for instance.

And when the game ended, seconds later, there began such a demonstration as the oldest graduate couldn't remember. The crowd boiled over and down, the band started *Oomp-oomp*, a snake-dance formed like magic, players went up on shoulders—and even Frisky, struggling in that old bearskin coat.

Wanda was in it, heart and soul. But she couldn't help remembering herself back in the side-line straw. And Bill, just after that touchdown.

He had turned, panting, and sought out where she crouched there halfway down the field. As peal upon peal of cheering split the air, his eyes found her. On his face was a look of sheer surprise. He lifted an arm high, smiled gleefully as if he said, "Hi, Sis. Thanks. We know."

She knew. She had known from the moment when he set out like lightning to do the impossible—get that pass intended for Johnny—that the hero stuff wouldn't bother him any more.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Ellen. Delight shook her head dubiously.

But Helen had caught the whisper. "It might be—it just *might* be—the underpinning of the house giving way."

"But if it does, won't the house collapse?"

"What else could it do?"

Mary Ellen felt sick. But nobody screamed. Nobody cried. Everybody sat there without a thing to do—waiting. Great-aunt Harriet began another story. "When I was a girl of fifteen—" It helped you to hear her voice. In spite of the danger, you had to laugh at what she was saying. But Mary Ellen longed for Tante. Not that she wanted Tante to be in danger, but if she were here, how comforting her hand would feel! Always she had wondered what she would do in a crisis—and now there was nothing to do.

**M**INUTE by minute, an hour passed. Still the house stood. Perhaps the cellar wall hadn't given way. But now only the first tread of the staircase was above water.

## SUPPER FOR TWELVE

Something bumped at the end of the hall. Everybody started. Knocking? Knocking on the front fan window. Voices, men's voices, hailing the house.

"Father!" cried Helen.

There were two men and a boat. A boat inside the tall pillars that supported the pediment of the roof. Then it was that Mary Ellen found out what she would do in a crisis, and it was nothing she wanted to do. She wanted to run forward and get into that boat in a hurry. Instead she heard a voice say—was it her voice?—"Great-aunt Harriet first." But Aunt Harriet spoke, too, and, after all, what did it matter who said what, since Helen's father disposed of the case?

"Harriet—Mary Ellen—Delight—Helen," he called the names off. "Your mothers are itching to get their eyes on you, girls, and so is your aunt, Mary Ellen. Now, Father!" He stepped back into the house. "I'm waiting with the boys till the next trip."

Three-quarters of an hour later Mary

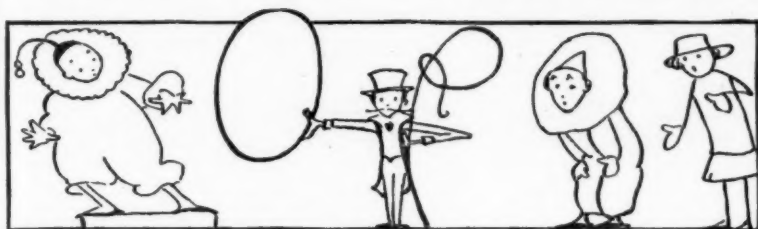
Ellen was at the Seminary gymnasium. Refugees were taken to the gymnasium. There was Tante, busy as ten women rolled into one. She opened her arms when she saw Mary Ellen.

**T**WO days later Tante and Mary Ellen succeeded in getting to the little house under the big elm. Only it wasn't under the elm any longer. It had moved down to the end of the yard and was lodged against the birches. It wasn't all there, either. The kitchen end was gone, and nobody ever found it. There wasn't any Lowestoft china, and the old silver had vanished; and the table that had been so bravely set was broken into kindling.

Dry-eyed, the two surveyed the havoc.

"Well, there isn't much here," said Tante at last. "But, praise be, you're here, Mary Ellen. We've got each other."

The girl squeezed her aunt's hand. "That's all that really matters, darling. I've got you, Tante."



## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Acceptance

"Do come and spend the evening with us," said Mrs. Smith. "My daughter will sing and play, and at nine o'clock we will have supper."

"I will be there at nine o'clock promptly," answered Mr. Jones.—*Sent by MARY GRACE BURKET, Akron, Iowa.*

### Bright

SENIOR: Why is an empty purse always the same?

FRESHMAN: Well, why is an empty purse always the same?

SENIOR: Because you can't see any change in it.—*Sent by JEAN HUMES, Iola, Kansas.*

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month Proud Of It, Too



NEIGHBOR: They tell me your son is on the college football team.

PROUD MOTHER: It is quite true.

NEIGHBOR: Do you know what position he plays?

PROUD MOTHER: I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the drawbacks.—*Sent by RUTH E. LONG, Kingsport, Tennessee.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Well, Well!

FIRST: I'm an enthusiastic fellow, you know. I always throw myself into everything I undertake.

SECOND: Splendid! Why don't you dig a well?—*Sent by ELEANOR GLEASON, Cobasset, Massachusetts.*

### Wise Crack

WIT: It's all over school!

HALF WIT: What?

WIT: The roof.—*Sent by HELEN ANDERSON, Chicago, Illinois.*

### Not Quite

"What is a sentry?" asked the teacher.

Frances promptly replied, "A hundred years."—*Sent by GERTRUDE E. SULLIVAN, Hartford, Connecticut.*

### Three Guesses



JONES: Why did you hit that street car conductor on the head the other day?

BONES: Well, there was an organ grinder with a monkey on his lap, and I asked the conductor if he allowed monkeys on his car.

JONES: And what did he say?

BONES: He said to sit down and be quiet, and maybe no one would notice me.—*Sent by HELEN CAREY, St. Louis, Missouri.*

### Poor Fish

TEACHER: What does the word "coquette" mean?

KARL: A coquette is something like a fried salmon cake.—*Sent by ALICE B. DENISON, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.*

### Schoolroom Answers

"An appendix is a portion of a book which nobody yet has discovered of any use."

"A blizzard is the inside of a fowl."—*Sent by BARBARA RUSSELL, Indiana, Penn.*

### Fishy

IKE: I hear you were thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish.

MIKE: I didn't call him a fish. I just pointed to him and said, "That's our dean."—*Sent by HELEN BAYLIES, Watertown, New York.*

### How About It?

BUTCHER: What can I do for you today?

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: Two pork chops and a quart of gravy, please.—*Sent by JESSIE FARLEY, Basking Ridge, New Jersey.*

### He Lost



CUSTOMER (entering hat shop): I've just lost an election bet, and I want a soft hat.

SALESMAN (selecting hat from the shelf): This is the softest hat we've got.

CUSTOMER: What I want is something more tender. I've got to eat it.—*Sent by JENETTE FRECK, Garden Home, Oregon.*

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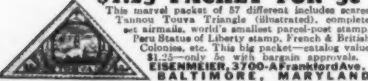
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# When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE United States issued a new postage stamp on September thirtieth to commemorate the formal dedication of Boulder Dam which harnesses the mighty Colorado River.

The new stamp, which is of the same size as the current special delivery stamp arranged vertically, is printed in purple. The central subject is a view of Boulder Dam reproduced from an airplane picture taken at a low altitude, showing the Colorado River gorge, both above and below the construction line. Across the bottom of the stamp, at each end of a white panel, is the denomination designation "3c." Along the base of the stamp are the words "U. S. Postage" in dark Roman lettering, and immediately above this inscription, within a narrow panel with white edges and dark background, is the inscription "Boulder Dam—1935."

Abyssinia has been featured so prominently on the front pages of our newspapers during recent months that many collectors have written us for information about Abyssinian—or Ethiopian—stamps. The particulars are as follows:

Ethiopia is the native name of this country which has always been the first (after our own United States) to be listed in the official stamp catalogue. Very little is known about the country by most collectors, but a brief study of your stamps will quickly help to acquaint you with a number of things. Emperor Haile Selassie, the present ruler, is shown on several stamps.

Although he is the first ruler of his name, he is the three-hundred-and-twenty-fourth reigning head of the only free monarchy on the African continent—the home of the oldest unreformed Christian church in the world. He is one of the most picturesque kings of all history.

At forty-four years of age, Emperor Haile Selassie is a man of small stature. His face is of the olive-skinned type of Semitic origin, with refined features that lend an air of high culture, set off with a wide mustache and a lengthy silken beard that connects with his head of black curly hair.

Haile Selassie means the "power of Holy Trinity" and, by way of living up to his name, he is not only endeavoring to teach the natives of his land the Holy Scriptures, but he is educating them gradually to live in more modern ways than their ancestors. Haile Selassie, together with his illustrious

great-uncle, Menelik II, has done more for his country than have all of the former hundreds of rulers. In 1917, he was instrumental in having the Franco-Ethiopian Railway completed. This railway is the country's only route to the sea, running from Abyssinia's capital, Addis Ababa, to Djibouti in French Somaliland. Shortly after his coronation, Haile Selassie made his country a member of the League of Nations, and it was to this body that he immediately appealed against the demands of Italy.

ALTHOUGH he personally is immensely wealthy he governs his country alone without permitting subordinates to handle the important duty for him. He moves freely among his people and is an exceptionally hard worker. No subject of his, no matter how low his station in life, is denied a personal audience, and such courtesies, coupled with the fact that he is free from conceit and obvious consciousness of power, have long ago made him a popular favorite with his ten million subjects.

Haile Selassie's portrait appears on six of the postal issues of Abyssinia. He was pictured for the first time in 1919, just two years after the corrupt nephew of Menelik II was driven into exile. At that time he was declared Regent, and was named Ras Tafari. At the time Waizeru Zauditu, the daughter of Menelik, was theoretically the Empress of Abyssinia, but actually it was her cousin, Ras Tafari, who was doing the ruling. His picture, as Regent, was used in four designs of the 1919 series, and once in the set of 1928.

When his cousin died in 1930, he was appointed Negus Negusti—King of Kings—and in the same year was crowned King of Ethiopia as shown on types A28 and A31 in your stamp catalogue. The Emperor's wife, Waizeru Mennen, whom he married in 1912 and to whom have been born two sons and three daughters, has been honored by postal issues and her effigy appears on two of Abyssinia's stamps.

Proud, determined Emperor Haile Selassie I, the Light of Ethiopia, King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, and the Elect of God, has not only the whole-hearted support of his people, but also has legendary and historic deeds to live up to in defending his country. Even the country's national anthem says, "Fear not the invaders, for your mountains shall protect you."



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## CAMP EQUIPMENT for Christmas

It's a habit in Girl Scout families to give camp equipment—and a good one, too! Father and mother, sisters and brothers—not to mention aunts, uncles and cousins—can all say with one accord, "What a great Christmas it has been." Camping knows no season and no climate—therefore it's a "Heigh-ho and away you go" and the best of fun to each of you!

THE MESS KIT is of seamless aluminum and weighs but one pound, complete. A frying pan with folding handle, a covered kettle, deep dinner plate, and cup will take care of the heartiest kind of a meal. The fork and spoon are of nickelplate. The sturdy case, stamped with the trefoil, is of khaki cloth and the web strap is adjustable. 13-301.....\$2.25

A CANTEEN is important—for every good Scout knows that it is dangerous to drink water which is not known to be pure. This full-size model (capacity 5 cups) is of seamless aluminum and weighs  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a pound, including the padded khaki cloth case with adjustable web shoulder straps. 13-101.....\$2.25

THE CHOW KIT has its ardent devotees, for it can be worn on the belt in the small and attractive dark green pigskin case. The folding knife (with bottle opener) and fork are of stainless steel and chrome plate and the spoon is of nickel silver. The case is stamped with the trefoil in gold. 13-283.....\$1.00

A FLASHLIGHT, of course! For even in the daytime there are dark, mysterious caves, haunted houses and thick underbrush to explore—where matches are taboo. The barrel is of jade green enamel and the trimmings of highly polished nickel. Complete with battery. 11-411.....\$1.25

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Christmas cards are such a happy part of Christmas—with their gay colors and cheery illustrations. How we do love to settle down during a breathing spell from all the fun and frolic and look over our "collection." And think how pleased your family, friends and Girl Scout chums will be with these appropriate and colorful ones—designed just for you.

The deep purple sky makes a lovely background for the soft green of the uniforms, the rich yellow of the moon and lighted windows and the gay red ribbons. The inside fold is left blank for a personal message or greeting.

The three cards illustrated, with envelopes, are sold as a set in an illustrated envelope.



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